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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN



PET OF THE
YEAR
**GIANNA
DIOR**

The
**HOT
100
2019**

JULY PET

ORA

YOUNG



AUGUST PET
**SAVANNAH
SIXX**

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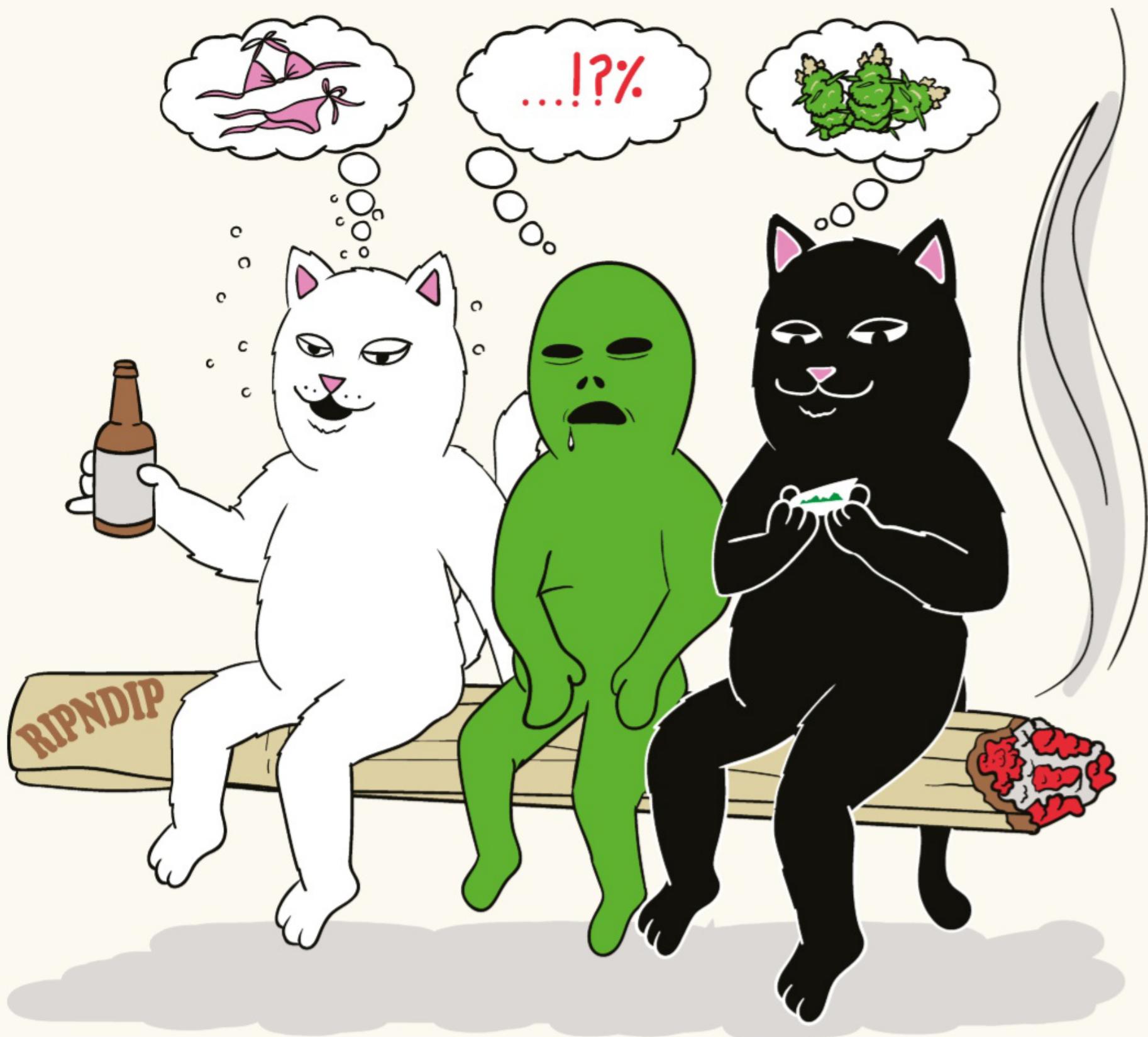
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THE ART WORLD

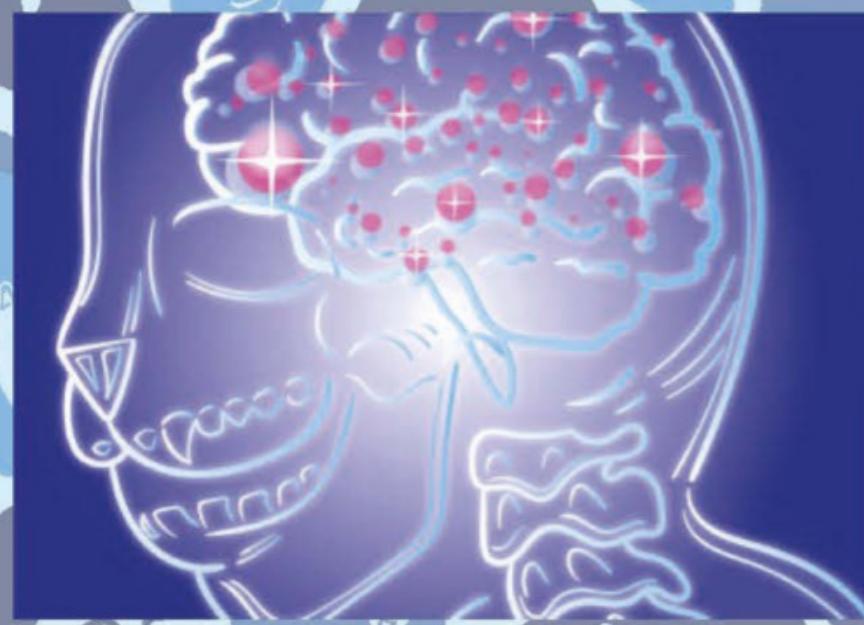
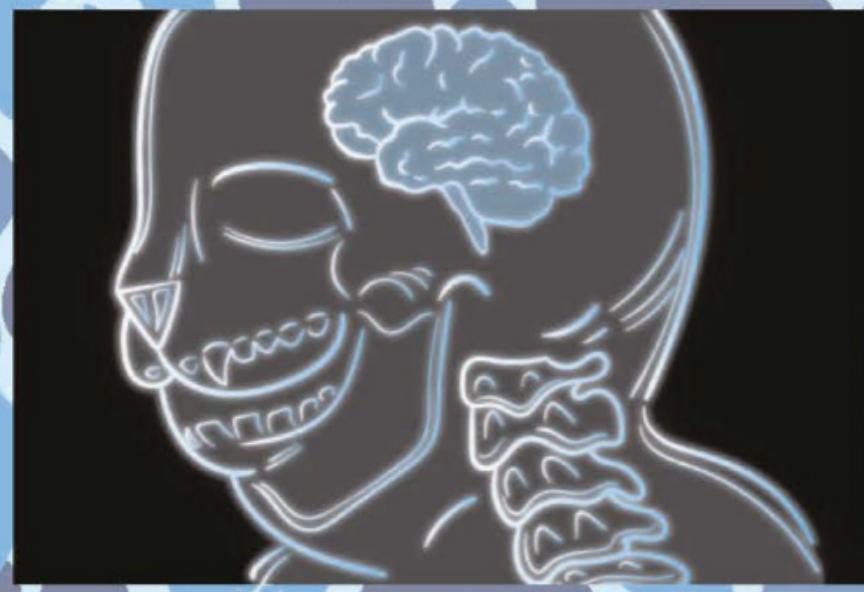
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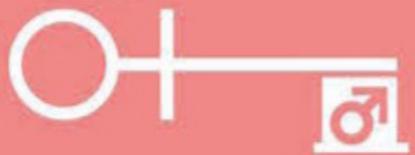
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FROM THE EDITOR

IN this summer edition of *Penthouse* magazine, we decided to not overdo it on the heavy political essays, and instead inject a little light reading into your poolside afternoon. After all, summer is the season to relax, and let the beers flow.

The highlight of this issue is our Hot 100, which covers a wide array of things we're into right now, like amazing new sex toys, great new reads, our favorite classic rock albums, the best tools for your garage, and some impressive motorcycle-restoration shops from different parts of the country. Meanwhile, contributing writer Seth Ferranti headed down to St. Louis to explore the studio of genius printmaker and premier woodworker Tom Hück, while music journalist Sean Neumann followed folk-country legend Todd Snider backstage on his recent tour to understand more about the man behind the music. Plus, we have professional kiteboarder and ocean conservationist Susi Mai as our Muse, while we swoon over the country tunes of our Crush, Kacey Musgraves.

And, of course, a big congratulations to our Pet of the Year, Gianna Dior. This newbie burst onto the scene last year fresh from Alabama, and has been blowing our minds ever since. We also welcome our two latest Penthouse Pets, Ora Young and Savannah Sixx.

Mish Barber-Way
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JULY 2019 PET ORA YOUNG (RIGHT) AND
AUGUST 2019 PET SAVANNAH SIXX



64. THE GHOST IN THE CATALOG
Legendary songwriter Todd Snider battles demons as he chases the perfect song.
By Sean Neumann



FEATURES

100. THE PENTHOUSE HOT 100
A roundup of our favorite things, from athlete hotties to chopper-restoration shops to classic summer albums.



132. SHAKING UP THE ART WORLD
Master printmaker Tom Huck delivers headbanging visions.
Interview by Seth Ferranti

COLUMNS

10. FORUM

This issue's reader exploits.

15. ELEVATE

News stories to inspire, educate, entertain, and other good things.

20. MUSIC

Winter songs to get you through the annual inferno. By Zachary Lipez

22. MAN OF THE MOMENT

New York comedian Andrew Schulz. Interview by Leah McSweeney

24. FILM

Five films whose box-office results will shape Hollywood's future. By Paul James

26. CRUSH

Country musician Kacey Musgraves.

28. GAMING

Bethesda Softworks' *Wolfenstein: Youngblood*.

30. WEIRD HISTORY

For a brief, shining moment, The Singing Nun topped the *Billboard* charts. By Michael Hingston



42.

2019 PET OF THE YEAR
GIANNA DIOR

32. THE VAULT

A tribute to our Pet of the Year winners of the past.

62. THE TINDERIZATION OF CULTURE

With social media, we reach celebrities with a click, and we're quick to turn on them.

By William Lee

70. PET OF THE MONTH

Our July 2019 Pet of the Month, Ora Young.

87. PET OF THE MONTH

Our August 2019 Pet of the Month, Savannah Sixx.

98. GAME ON

Soccer's wildest, raunchiest sex scandals.

By Phil Hanrahan

126. MUSE: SUSI MAI

Kiteboarding champion, ocean advocate, and entrepreneur Susi Mai. By Mish Barber-Way

138. STOCKS & BONDAGE

Jenny Nordbak's secret year in an L.A. dungeon.

154. EMBRACE THE SUCK

How to tell a true-ish war story in 2019. By Matt Gallagher

160. ADDENDUM

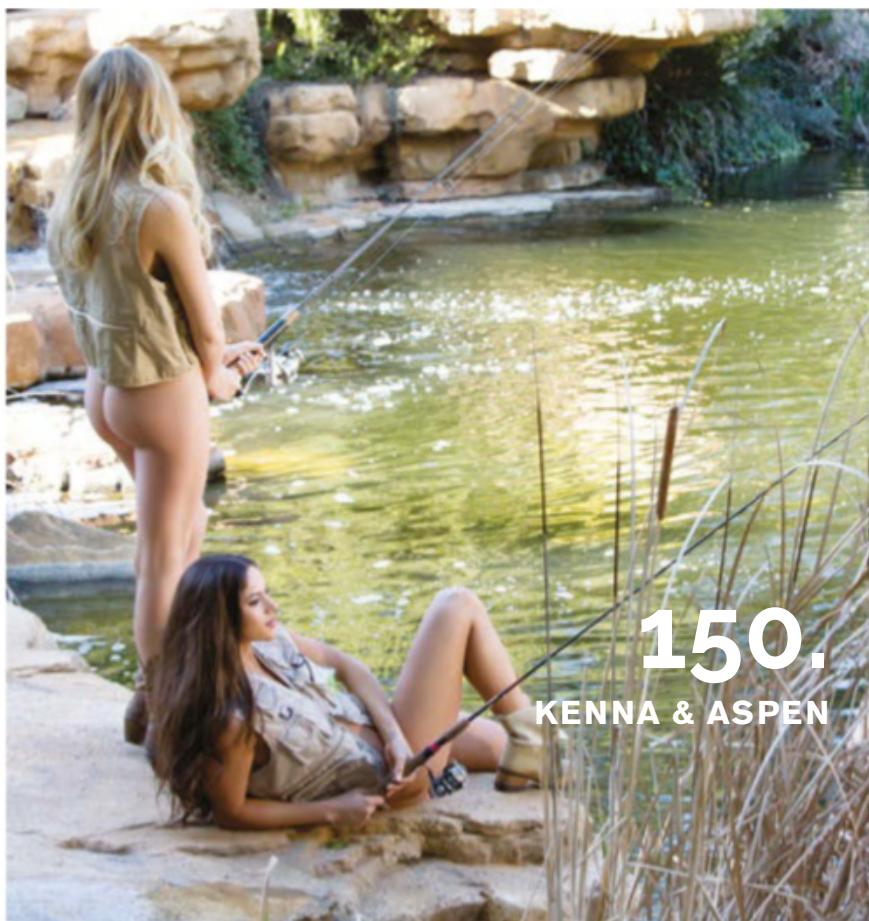
A response from the Church of Scientology to a republished 1983 interview with L. Ron Hubbard Jr.

166. PARTING SHOT

32.
THE VAULT



126.
MUSE: SUSI MAI



150.
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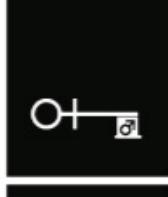
PENTHOUSE FORUM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

PINK Lady

'VE learned that telling a woman you like her feet is always a gamble. Even though many people will freely admit that feet can be beautiful, it seems to be another proposition entirely when you confess to liking “foot stuff” in bed. To each their own, but I personally cannot see what's so wrong about wanting to experience pleasure from head to toe—literally. 





LETTER OF THE MONTH

A while back, I read a story about a guy like me who runs a shoe store—and that got me thinking maybe I needed to change up my usual dating scene. I could never hold it together long enough to work around feet in a shoe store all day, but I decided I should try a gig where feet are just a given and thus maybe less of a big deal.

A gig where feet are often bare. A gig where your feet can be happy, sinking into sand (unless the sand is too hot). The foot factor, plus the hours and an excuse to be at the beach all day, is what ultimately made me complete lifeguard training.

It's also true that male lifeguards generally have no shortage of beach admirers, and the physical demands of the job make your body nice and ripped by default. I'm six-foot-two, in my late twenties—definitely not bad-looking. I'm a Florida-raised beach bum through and through, and during the high season, there's just no end to the parade of gorgeous babes frolicking around in tiny bikinis. Sometimes it's a herculean effort not to get distracted and pitch a tent in your regulation lifeguard trunks when you need to focus on swimmers. That said, it was a clear day with no riptides and a minimal weekday crowd when I spotted this gorgeous babe strolling down the sand.

Jessica was a classic, curvy blonde wearing a powder-pink string bikini and white retro-style sunglasses. I watched as she laid out her towel and pulled out a book to read. With my binoculars, I checked the glassy blue water—all was calm, with only a couple of people in

toward her book.

"I've always liked true crime," Jessica told me. "I'm fascinated by what makes people tick—and not only bad guys. Good guys, too."

"Really? I would think what makes us tick is pretty boring. Or maybe just obvious, I guess." I adjusted my sunglasses.

Without missing a beat, Jessica teased, "So you're saying you're a good guy, huh?" She saved me from having to comment by continuing, "I see your point, Tristan, but even if good guys have a lot of motives in common, everyone's different—different tastes, outlooks, dreams."

"Fair enough," I said. "Speaking of motives, and forgive me for this segue, but I was wondering—do you have a boyfriend?"

Jessica chuckled and shook her head. "Nope. Not anymore."

I couldn't hide my smile. "In that case, would you be up for hanging out sometime—off the sand?"

The beauty beside me gave a little smirk, and I deserved it. "How many women do you ask out with that line?"

Busted. "Um, actually, I don't really—"

"I'm just teasing!" She gave my leg a gentle nudge with her perfect foot.

I felt my heart flutter. "Wow," I couldn't stop from saying.

"What?" Jessica asked. Now she looked concerned. "Really, I was just kidding."

I squirted some lotion onto a palm and warmed it between my hands, then I began slowly massaging her left foot.

the shallows and one older guy exercise-swimming.

I swept my magnified gaze over the beach next, and then held steady on the new blonde sunbather. There was no annoying chick-lit novel in her hands. She was reading one of my favorite true-crime books. Also, her polished toes matched the pink in her swimsuit. The book and the toes were a double whammy for me.

An hour or so later, when my shift came to an end, I climbed down the ladder, grabbed two cans of sparkling water from the cooler, put them in my daypack, and headed toward my pink lady. She smiled as I got closer.

"Hi, I just got done with my shift. I've got a couple of sparkling waters in here," I said, tapping my pack, "and wondered if I could interest you in one. Fresh out of the cooler."

She smiled. "I saw you in the chair. And yeah, something cold sounds nice."

"Tristan," I said, offering my hand.

"Jessica," she answered with another smile.

I sat on the sand next to her, popped open a chilled can, and passed it to her. As I opened my own sparkling water, this gorgeous woman, roughly my age, asked, "Are you a lifeguard full-time?"

"Yes and no. I'm also wrapping up school."

"Oh?"

"I've been taking premed courses. What about you?"

"I'm studying psychology, actually."

"I might have guessed by your reading material," I said, gesturing

I grinned. "No, not that. You have really nice feet. I like the polish, too."

Giggling, Jessica thanked me for the compliment. Then, to my delight and torment, she footsie my leg again, wiggling her toes. "I used to study dance," she added. "It really makes you appreciate your feet—and take care of them."

"I believe it." My heart was pounding. Had I stumbled across a rare jewel? A fellow foot lover in shapely female form? "Do you get pedicures a lot?" I asked.

"Weekly. And I put tons of lotion on my feet, too."

"Nice." After a pause, I decided to go for it. "Did you put on any lotion today?"

"Not yet," she said. A moment later Jessica leaned in closer to me. "I'll tell you what, though. I'd really love a foot rub tonight. Maybe after some dinner?"

I wanted to jump to my feet and scream, "YES!" But with a concerted effort, I managed to maintain my composure. "Yeah, I'd definitely be up for that."

"Great," she said. "I'll give you my number."

I pulled out my phone, and moments later I had the digits (pun intended) of this sexy woman with perfect feet.

To cut to the chase, our dinner went really well. Afterward, we drove to a seafront nature preserve at sunset—a beautiful place, with some privacy.

The sinking sun had turned a few rippled clouds pink—you



couldn't ask for a better effect. I pulled Jessica in for a kiss, and that quickly led to more kissing as we stood on a grassy strip beside a park bench in the most remote stretch of the preserve. No one else was in sight.

In the velvety twilight, Jessica hugged me close. "Foot rub time?" she asked huskily.

"I'd be thrilled to give those feet some appreciation," I responded.

Jessica grinned. "My feet thank you in advance." She opened her purse and pulled out a small bottle of cocoa butter lotion.

Taking the lotion, I said, "I will give them the attention they deserve."

We sat down on the isolated park bench. I watched dreamily as she pulled off her espadrilles and put both of her bare feet in my lap. The bulge in my shorts was already conspicuous—and that was before I even touched her feet, or happened to notice the perfect upskirt view of her pink thong.

I squirted some lotion onto a palm and warmed it between my hands, then I began slowly massaging her left foot. Jessica leaned back against the bench. "God, that feels so good...."

As I worked, I savored every curve and bone in her foot, and singled out her toes, one by one, for mini-massages. Blissing out, Jessica closed her eyes. A short time later, I saw her right hand slide beneath her skirt and slip beneath her thong.

I planted a kiss on the ball of her left foot and nuzzled her toes. Her hand was still up her skirt, her eyes closed. A few moments later, I said, "How's this feel?"

"Wonderful," she said. Then she held my gaze with a sly, sexual look. "I'm enjoying myself—fully."

I grinned and said, "I can see that. And why not?"

"Don't forget my other foot," Jessica said, and closed her eyes again, two of her fingers still moving inside her pussy.

"I'll head over there right now," I replied, and began to give her right foot the same adoration, using more lotion.

I wasn't sure what was driving me crazier—getting to worship her sexy feet, or watching her pleasure herself to my work. Needless to say, I felt like my dick was going to tear a hole through my shorts.

I could hear Jessica's fingers slipping in and out of her wetness in time to the strokes I gave her foot. I kissed all around her ankle,

then pushed her toes into my mouth. As I did this, her left foot began caressing the bulge in my shorts.

"Maybe it's time you had a little release," she purred.

I unzipped my shorts and my raging hard-on appeared. Jessica wasted no time, moving her right foot to my cock and cradling it between her soft, moistened feet.

"How's that feel?" she whispered, her arches stroking my shaft.

I was as turned on as I'd ever been—this gorgeous blonde pushing every one of my pleasure buttons. "Keep touching yourself while you touch me, baby," I said.

Jessica opened her legs wide while her feet worked wonders on my dick. A woman who gives a good foot job is not easy to find. By approaching her at the beach I'd found a precious gem in the sand. She took me almost to the brink before we agreed that we wanted more.

By now it was almost night. Jessica lay down on her back and put her legs up, with her feet on either side of my face. I thrust my dick inside her and began to pump. Her pussy felt incredible. I kissed and sucked her toes as we fucked.

Jessica came first, digging her nails into my forearms.

"Oh my God, Tristan—yes!" she cried. And in that moment, her pleasure was my pleasure. I moved her feet even closer to my face, bringing her legs together. This made her pussy squeeze my cock even tighter, which sent me over the edge. I'd never experienced an orgasm this intense, and for a moment was lost to the world.

Catching her breath, Jessica looked up at me, smiling wickedly. "Next time you'll have to finish on my feet," she said.

I grinned like an idiot. "Deal!" I replied.

Jessica's in my life now. It's great being with someone who enjoys my love of feet. Sometimes she even lets me pick out her toe polish!

—Tristan F., Delray Beach, Florida



Seeing is believing. When you've had the encounter you've been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to: Penthouse magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email us at letters@penthouse.com.

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"CONSENT CONDOM" REQUIRES BOTH PARTNERS TO OPEN IT

WITH HEIGHTENED PUBLIC AWARENESS of sexual assault thanks to the #MeToo movement, the concept of consent is on everyone's minds. In response, an Argentinian sex-toy manufacturer called Tulipán has developed a "consent condom" that comes in a box requiring four hands to open it. Both partners have to press buttons on the box's four corners in order to unlock the box and retrieve the condom.

"If they don't say yes, it means no," reads the tagline on a video demonstrating how to unlock the box. "Consent is the most important thing in sex."

These "consent packs" containing the locked condoms were recently released in a limited edition and placed in bars around the Buenos Aires area. Tulipán plans to release the consent condoms for public purchase sometime next year.

It sure seems like a nice idea, but it's going to need some real-world results. Consider that *Seinfeld* episode where George loses his erection before he's able to open a traditional condom wrapper. How much more likely is that to happen when the package is so complicated? Will making a big production out of condom retrieval—like you and your date are about to pop the locks on a Masonic mystery chest in *National Treasure IV*—be a buzzkill? Still, we approve of the symbolism. Sex is better when both parties are all-in.



"TRANSABLED" AND HATING IT

ALTHOUGH TRANSGENDER acceptance has become mainstream, some individuals "transition" their identity in other ways that have yet to be embraced.

The "transabled" are people who are born with fully functional bodies but for some reason are convinced that one of their limbs should be missing. It's the reverse of "phantom limb syndrome," in which someone feels a limb that isn't there.

With the transabled, they are tortured by the notion that one of their limbs shouldn't be there. Even more disturbingly, they are so agonized by the condition that they will often amputate the offending limb—and then feel tremendous psychological relief, even at the expense of tremendous physical pain.

In medical terms, the transabled suffer from a condition known as Body Integrity Identity Disorder (BIID). The most cogent neurological explanation is that BIID victims have a brain-mapping defect that tells them the limb shouldn't be there.

Transableism also differs from transgenderism in that everyone would agree that there are things wrong with men, which may explain why three-quarters of transgender people flee manhood to become females. But in the case of someone who wishes to be their "true self" by hacking off one of their perfectly functional limbs, in reality they only become three-quarters of their true self.



FITNESS TRACKERS IN THE SACK

FITNESS TRACKERS are typically used to monitor one's vital signs while running, biking, or playing paddleball, but what's to stop anyone from using them to monitor themselves during sex?

Actually, nothing.

An article in England's *The Sun* describes how famed cricketer Andrew "Freddie" Flintoff wears his Fitbit bracelet during nookie, which encourages him to "try a bit harder" to please his wife.

His wife, however, isn't pleased. "Things are happening and then your husband's wrist is flashing, telling him his heartbeat and how hard he's working. It's really wrong," laments Rachael Flintoff. "It's like you're seeing it as another training session rather than anything else. It's really not nice."

Either way, reliably tracking a man's sexual performance is difficult when men are wearing the devices on their fingers and wrists. There will never be an accurate way to measure a man's prowess between the sheets until they develop a fitness tracker that slips snugly onto his junk.

FIGHT FATHER TIME

IF YOU'RE A MAN in midlife who doesn't take care of your skin, you're going to wind up looking like a piece of grizzled jerky.

Just as anyone who's ever been in a locker room knows that not all men are created equal, not all men have the same type of skin. If you have oily skin, you should choose skincare products that are lighter and oil-free. If you suffer from dry skin, make sure to buy something with a hydrating compound such as aloe. If your skin is sensitive, stay clear of fragrances, dyes, and other potential irritants.

If your skin is starting to get dry and crackly and wrinkled, look for products that contain retinol, hyaluronic acid, DMAE, and glycolic acid. Vitamins A, B3, C, and E will also help smooth over your age lines and give you a youthful glow.

Recommended products for men who desire to reverse the clock on their skin include Brickell Men's Revitalizing Anti-Aging Cream, OZNaturals Anti-Aging Retinol Serum, and Neutrogena's Healthy Skin Anti-Wrinkle Night Cream.



CBD OIL FOR HIS AND HER PLEASURE

THOSE CAMPY old *Reefer Madness*-style movies that depict potheads as sex-crazed maniacs might have been on to something. In a recent survey conducted by educational website Remedy Review, 68 percent of people who used CBD oil to enhance their sexual experience reported positive results.

One of the main sexual problems people face is performance anxiety, and CBD works directly on the body's cannabinoid receptors that help regulate anxiety.

According to California-based gynecologist Felice Gersh, "CBD oil can reduce sexual and negative self-images relating to one's appearance or sexual appeal. Feeling less self-conscious about your body or your performance can help you to relax and enjoy the whole experience."

"I actually only started trying CBD [for sex] in my forties, and it was a revelation for me," enthuses a woman named Susan. "I could relax, get a bit giggly, and it definitely puts me in a happy place." Susan also says that CBD gave her more intense orgasms, but unlike alcohol—which also reduces anxiety—there are no hangovers.

CBD can lend a hand to both genders in the bedroom. Since it increases blood flow and nerve sensitivity, it can lead to firmer erections and heightened pleasure for guys, too. Suddenly, *Reefer Madness* doesn't seem so crazy.



WHAT WOMEN THINK OF MANWHORES

THE IDEA BEHIND the term “slut-shaming” is that it’s misogynistic to think that women who enjoy sex with multiple partners are either psychologically damaged or morally bankrupt.

Ironically—sex and gender relations are always ironic, because Mother Nature set things up to ensure none of it will ever make sense—the same people who rail against “slut-shaming” don’t see a contradiction in referring to promiscuous males with the derogatory term “fuckboys.”

According to a *Vanity Fair* article about Tinder: “A ‘fuckboy’ is a young man who sleeps with women without any intention of having a relationship with them or perhaps even walking them to the door post-sex. He’s a womanizer, an especially callous one, as well as kind of a loser.”

Kind of sounds like a male slut, no? But it also kinda sounds like women have a problem with men who bang multiple partners without committing to them romantically. Maybe, despite all the rhetoric we hear in the gender wars, men and women aren’t that different. Sluts and manwhores enjoy having sex, which is fine—until they start having sex with us, at which point they are required to romantically commit to us for life or face possible death.



PHOTO: JIŘÍ VÁVRA

LEGENDS CAR FESTIVAL

AT THE END OF MAY, the annual Legends Car Festival kicked off at the Prague Exhibition Grounds in Holešovice. This spectacular three-day event draws in around 40,000 car lovers ready to gawk at the display of world-class (and very rare) new and historic automobiles (think the Jaguar XE SV Project 8 or Bugatti Veyron), as well as a slew of leading Czech drivers ready to impress crowds from behind the wheel. There are also talks from leading titans of the automobile industry, world-class cars for sale, as well as live events such as the freestyle motocross show, and so much more. Don’t miss out next year. Find out more at legendy.cz

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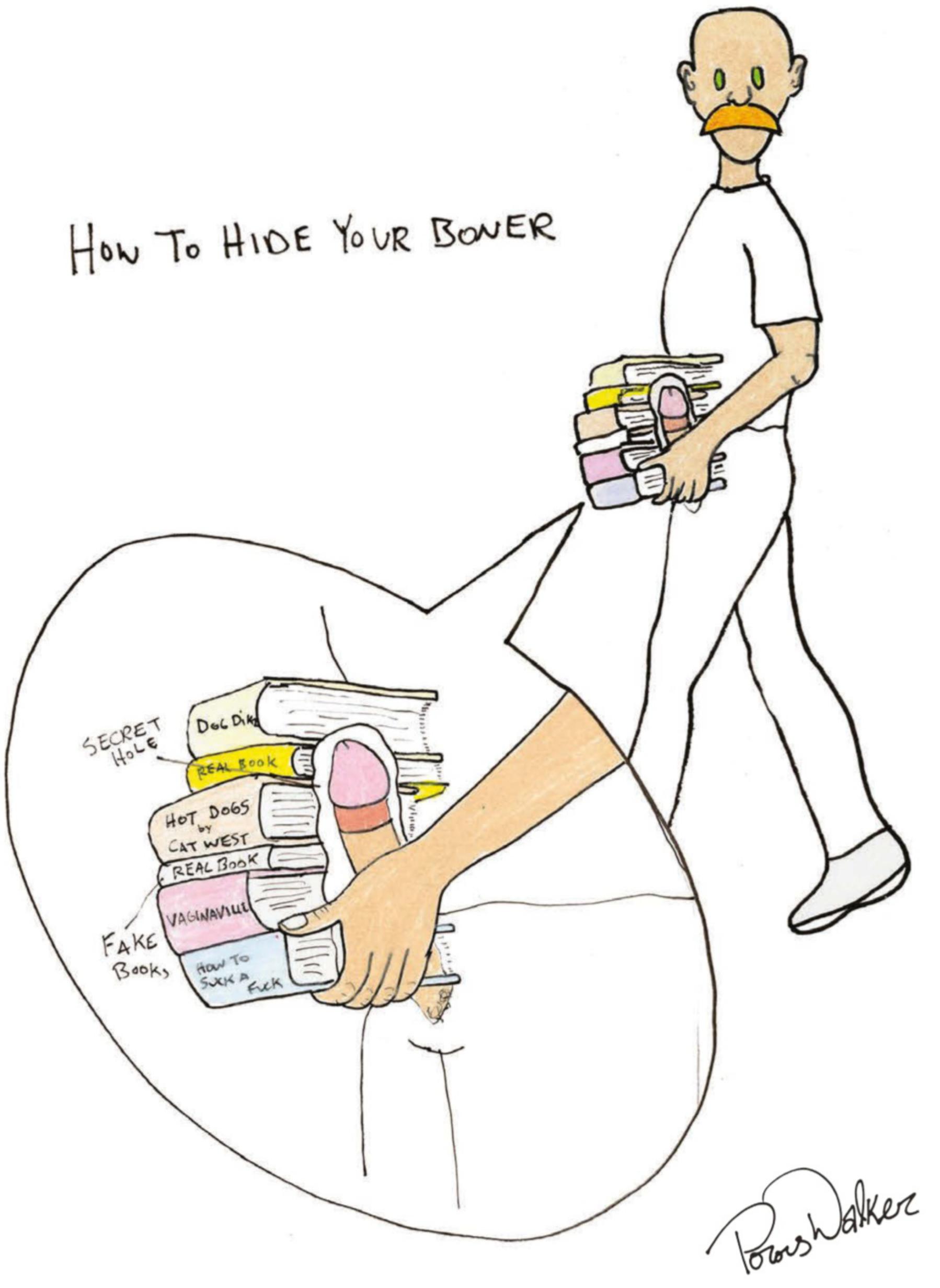
The latest edition to the Penthouse Club family will celebrate its grand opening in July 2019 with a big ribbon-cutting ceremony! Just kidding. Instead, we will have cocktails, gorgeous women, and endless good times. Traveling through Texas? Go check it out: penthouseclubhouston.com

ED EXPO 2019

On **August 11-14, 2019**, the Gentlemen’s Club Expedition will be held at Planet Hollywood Resort & Casino in Las Vegas, Nevada. Sure, this world-class luxury event will set you back almost \$500 per ticket, but what you get is well worth the entry fee. This year be sure to check out the premier Penthouse stage, where there will be live entertainment, DJs, an open bar, and, of course, our famous Penthouse Pets.

Find more info at: theedexpo.com

How To HIDE YOUR BONER



Porous Walker

WHEN SUMMER'S NOT YOUR THING

Winter songs to help you get through the annual inferno.

BY ZACHARY LIPEZ



SUMMERTIME is here and that means two things: I don't know how to dress and I don't know how to live. I swore many years ago to never let another living soul see my feet or legs. Middle age and a paunch has rendered most of my band T-shirts inappropriate or unwearable. On the existential front, I'll simply quote The Rolling Stones (and Pussy Galore, who covered the song in the eighties): "The sunshine bores the daylights out of me."

I don't blame those who love the beach. I suppose it's preferable to getting drunk and walking into the ocean. That said, if I ever wanted to drown myself, I'd settle for my tiny bathtub here in Brooklyn. If I contort myself just right, I think I could make it work.

But what about summer music festivals? you might ask. Well, I do enjoy a jaunty song shared with my fellow human beings. The problem? My constitution can no longer metabolize the huge amount of drugs I need

to stay fully civil at such gatherings.

Incidentally, if you think I won't gorge myself on soft-serve ice cream—arguably the only other good thing about the *caliente* months beside festivals—in winter, then you underestimate how much sustenance and pleasure a waffle cone can bring a man.

No, summer is just not for me. If I'm going to perspire, I want it to come from exertion during sex or from fear, not from walking 30 steps to the bodega on the corner.

Happily, though, I know a musical secret to help non-fans of humidity, hot asphalt, and armpit-exposing tank tops. The secret is this: *Listen to winter songs in summer.*

Music, sweet music, has always had the power to set a mood. It can take your mind off a bad thing, and move it to a good thing. During my years of fighting Mr. Sun, I've turned to tunes like these to keep me sane until jeans-and-long-sleeve-tee weather.

“California Dreamin’”

What better way to kick things off than a

1965 tune as groovy and catchy in its own way as a summertime hit? Written during coat-and-hat weather in New York City, it's about yearning for warmth on a winter's day. It's about wanting to escape to the Golden State—L.A., to be precise—when the leaves are brown and the skies are gray.

Written by John and Michelle Phillips of The Mamas & the Papas, it was first recorded by Barry McGuire. But the chart-topping version came from The Mamas & the Papas themselves. However, I'm recommending the lightning-paced cover by Orange County punk band M.I.A., included on their 1987 album, *After the Fact*. It's a great take, and unlike John Phillips, whose grown daughter Mackenzie (half-sister of Chynna) accused him of incest in 2007, the OC's M.I.A. doesn't carry this kind of baggage.

“Misty”

On Kate Bush's 2011 album, *50 Words for Snow*, she sings “Misty,” a 13-minute piano

ballad about building a sexy snowman and then going to town on it. It's a lovely slow-burner, and if you've never heard Bush sing—or if it's been a while—this tune is worth checking out just for her voice, a marvelous instrument she's been making sublime use of since the late seventies. Ever since *50 Words* dropped, my girlfriend Zohra, whenever she spots a button-eyed snowman, forlorn in some suburban yard, will point to it and say, loud enough for all to hear, "I'ma fuck that snowman."

Bush filmed a characteristically odd music video in 1978, shimmying before a Dutch amusement park's "haunted castle." Castles and Kate pair nicely. And as anyone knows who's seen *Excalibur* or watched *Game of Thrones*, castles and winter pair nicely, too.

Kate Bush is one of the great prog/new wave artists in music history, ethereal and earthy both (and thus beloved by pop elves and metal orcs alike). It's a crime that dudes who'll blast Pink Floyd over burgers and dogs at a barbecue fail to give the same respect to this willowy, one-of-a-kind English singer closest to Floyd in the art-rock pantheon.

song "Cabin Fever," the craft contains a group of people who have lost their minds, and it's underwater. But on that same album, *From Her to Eternity*, we have Cave's cover of the Leonard Cohen song "Avalanche." With lyrics like, "I stepped into an avalanche/ It covered up my soul," the chilly song conjures up something akin to Homer Simpson and Mr. Burns slowly growing cannibalistic beneath a massive snowslide.

"At the Heart of Winter"

I could write a 3,000-page epic that would only scratch the surface of frozen black metal songs. And some pasty, politically sketchy metalheads might actually read it. Black metal—the one music subgenre that still manages to upset people, not least because of the way it attracts neo-Nazis—fetishizes the frostbitten to the point of absurdity. And then this thunderous music travels past the point of absurdity until it's eaten alive by ravens.

I happen to like black metal. The guitars are pretty and the outfits charming. But I'm not going to break my rune dagger trying to unearth the most obscure

well in delivering winter memories inside a vehicle that sounds good in summer.

"Winter Song"

If Collingwood's song isn't on-the-nose enough for you, there's always "Winter Song" by Screaming Trees, part of their breakthrough 1992 album, *Sweet Oblivion*. The gravel-voiced grunge crooner Mark Lanegan sings of a mind slipping away, before cranking up his legendary vocal pipes to all but roar, "Try to wait for the sky to fall/ It's kind of hard not to see it all/ Whisper a song of winter in your heart." More than 20 years later, on his solo album *Gargoyle*, the Washington State native—like Nick Cave, anything but a beach type—returned with another beautiful, boreal tune, this one called "First Day of Winter."

What's that? You say you dislike *both* seasons—summer *and* winter? Well, I got something for you. Two things, actually. Every October, you'll find me blasting Lou Rawls's cover of singer-songwriter Donovan's semi-hit "Season of the Witch." The soul singer made his version a B-side, and included it on his 1969 album, *The Way It Was: The Way It Is*. His take is



MUSIC, SWEET MUSIC, HAS ALWAYS HAD THE POWER TO SET A MOOD. IT CAN TAKE YOUR MIND OFF A BAD THING, AND MOVE IT TO A GOOD THING.

"Pink Frost"

Sure, it's a song about killing one's lover in their sleep. But it can bring relief during the dog days of August. The band? New Zealand jangle-pop titans The Chills.

Included on their 1986 compilation album *Kaleidoscope World*, "Pink Frost" starts off peppy, with a chiming guitar lulling us into a false sense of security. Then the snare and throbong bass kick in, with the studied pace of a seventies non-grindhouse horror movie. It's the perfect song to play over the hum of a cheap fan blowing stagnant air at your hungover head as you refuse to get out of bed until the outside temperature returns to its senses.

"Avalanche"

The easy Nick Cave pick would be "Fifteen Feet of Pure White Snow," from the 2001 Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds album, *No More Shall We Part*. Cave's sensibility could be fairly described as one that rejects all things beachy. Even when he sings about a boat, as in the 1984

song. The Norwegian band Immortal gets clowned on by squares for their unapologetic use of corpse paint and frequent deployment of the "invisible orange" pose (when the singer raises a hand as though gripping a mystical orb, or blood-filled chalice). But unlike some of its subgenre peers, the band also values riffing for days above atmospherics. Check out "At the Heart of Winter" from Immortal's 1999 album of the same name. This is a record with a lyric that goes, "Bitterness with bitterness, you bitter me." Brrrrrrrr.

"Valley Winter Song"

I'd be remiss not to mention a tune penned by my *Penthouse* predecessor Chris Collingwood, of the band Fountains of Wayne. "Valley Winter Song" conjures a snowy day in Western Massachusetts—a scene I've personally experienced untold times. Because of a certain sprightly feel to the music itself, paired with a catchy sweetness in the melody, the song works

desolately funky, and it lays down a chilly, spooky, autumnal groove.

Then there's rapper billy woods, who exposes the false promises of sun-splashed sands and outdoor brunching. Making a career of antisocial existentialism (he obscures his face in videos, as if shunning el sol), woods, on his new album *Hiding Places*, with Kenny Segal, opens with "SpongeBob." It's a track with no use at all for the "third of July." The heat. Crowded streets. "Fuck would I want with this shit?"

So there you have it. There *is* help, if you dislike blistering days and sweltering nights. Just play the songs of Immortal, Nick Cave, and our other frigid stars. Added benefit? The money you'll save by cranking winter songs instead of blasting your air conditioner nonstop will keep you in frozen margaritas through Christmas.

Zachary Lipez is a writer and bartender in New York City. He is the author (with collaborators Stacy Wakefield and Nick Zinner) of "131 Different Things."

ANDREW SCHULZ

In a world filled with trigger warnings and safe spaces, comedian Andrew Schulz is a breath of brash, vulgar air.

INTERVIEW BY LEAH MCSWEENEY

Andrew Schulz doesn't care about anyone's feelings. See for yourself on his YouTube series *Views From the Cis*, where he riffs on eating ass, floppy vaginas, and the usefulness of the word "tranny." You can also listen to his debut comedy album *5:1:1*, his podcasts "Brilliant Idiots" and "Flagrant 2," or—better yet—catch him on his ten-city Matador Tour, now through November. We met up with the 35-year-old comedian to discuss his unorthodox strategy for releasing content, and why now is the best time for comedy.

Why did you decide to start releasing content the way you did?

First of all, everybody said no. I filmed my own special, doing sets in five different comedy clubs and the cab rides in between. The idea was, this is what a

I called it 4:1:1. I put it out on YouTube and it got a good reaction. I sold out shows that very same weekend in San Diego. I was never a guy to sell out shows. So I go, "Okay, there's something to this. Shorter is better." Then I said, "Fuck it, I'm going to start giving away a new joke every week for a year."

I'd looked at certain people, like this singer named Russ who would put a new song out every week. I looked at vloggers like Casey Neistat. I looked at the people who were winning in the new digital-media age. Their success came from consistency. They put [material] out every day or every week. It wasn't about one big event.

So, every week I put out clips on Twitter, Instagram, and YouTube. The clips started to go viral and then my YouTube guy was like, "Yo, something wild happens when people watch a video of

So you took advantage of YouTube.

YouTube is the future, except people are caught up in the traditional structures of media so they don't understand it yet. They don't want to believe that their industry is crumbling right in front of them. It's like the person who won't leave their house in a hurricane. They see the hurricane, but they don't want to believe their house is going to be destroyed. That's the industry right now, with all these agents and producers and everybody in L.A. The hurricane is here, but they're staying in the house because they don't want to live in a future where that house doesn't exist.

It's changed the way I view media. That's why the greatest thing that ever happened to me was having all the networks say no, because adversity introduces you to yourself. I needed to be put in a situation where I could thrive, especially for the type of comedy I do.

Do you think there's an attack on free speech within comedy?

This is the best time for comedy. This is where legends are made. Lenny Bruce, Richard Pryor, George Carlin—these people were made in times where there was massive restriction and the world needed them. It needed their voice. It needed their rationale, their takes on the world. It needed speech with that amazingly beautiful cloak of comedy that can protect undeniable truths, if done really well.

Everybody, including Judd Apatow, was mad about Louis C.K.'s Parkland shooting joke. Isn't it "ape shall never kill ape" in the comedy world?

You could say somebody's not funny. You could say a joke isn't funny. But you can never say what someone should or

"LENNY BRUCE, RICHARD PRYOR, GEORGE CARLIN—THESE PEOPLE WERE MADE IN TIMES WHERE THERE WAS MASSIVE RESTRICTION AND THE WORLD NEEDED THEM."

New York comic goes through. I knew the industry wasn't going to let me in based on my name, so I captured what it is to be a New York comic and that still didn't work.

I was really down. I was fucked up. But I had to find my own way in. So I started asking friends about comedy specials, 'cause you can learn everything about your industry by asking people who are not in your industry. Everybody would say, "I just watched this guy's special. It was really funny, but I didn't finish it." I'm like, okay, *boom*, the special is too long. So I turned my one-hour special into a 15-minute special. Four clubs, one night—

yours—they end up watching two hours." Netflix and Comedy Central can't get people to watch one hour of stand-up. I'm putting my shit on YouTube and people are watching two hours.

You mean they go from clip to clip?

Exactly. When somebody puts a one-hour special out, that person's saying you have to sit and listen for an hour. There are many things wrong with that, but what's most wrong is the viewer is not in control. If you give them a three-minute clip, another clip is going to pop up right after, and they make the choice to watch it.



shouldn't do with their humor. Comics are the harshest critics of each other. It seemed like a convenient time to dogpile. And you can't do that, especially if you're a comic. Because it's not about Judd, or Louis. It's about the no-name comic. What Judd was doing was enabling outrage. He's enabling this "cancel culture." And the reason he can't do that is because... comedy has been very good to him, and has provided him with amazing things in his life. So you've got to nurture that and allow all the different types of art that could come out of that, plain and simple.

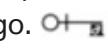
We're living in a time where dogpiling and outrage culture are so prevalent. Why do you think that is?

Everybody wants retweets. It's selfish and self-indulgent. That's all it is. It's like if you're not funny, you'll just be an activist.

That seems like the new career move right now. These actresses who can't get work anymore all become activists.

Absolutely. You know, it's like one of those situations where you can't get angry because this is what humans are, right? I'm not upset when humans dogpile. It's in our nature to do whatever it takes to be accepted by our tribe, because being outside the tribe is dangerous and lonely and used to get you killed. There are very few of us that can see the right and the wrong in this tribal mentality. The idea that

there are gray areas in everything is a hard thing for people.

There's a reason why, when a dictator takes over, the first people to get killed are comedians, and I'm using the word "comedian" loosely. Comedians are philosophers. And the reason we get killed is because we might say some shit that exposes the hypocrisy of the new administration. The powers that be recognize the power of a thinker, so thinkers got to go. 

Leah McSweeney is the founder and CEO of Married to the Mob clothing line and cohost of the podcast "Improper Etiquette," with hip-hop radio personality Laura Stylez.

MOVIES THAT MATTER

Five films whose box-office results will shape Hollywood's future.

BY PAUL JAMES

PLENTY of movies become hits—good Lord, even *The Meg* raked in half a billion worldwide—but not every hit is a meaningful one. And some duds impact the whole industry, too. So, what new films will have the biggest effect on the movies that get made (or won't get made) during the next few years? We're betting on these.

1. *Us*

They say people go to the movies to escape the stresses of the real world, but with this terrifying follow-up to his Oscar-winning hit *Get Out*, Jordan Peele has found a way to deliver complex social commentary within the trappings of genre stories audiences genuinely want to see. By giving so many juicy high-profile roles to exciting performers like Daniel Kaluuya, Brian Tyree Henry, Lupita Nyong'o, and Winston Duke, the writer-director is also helping to create a new generation of bankable African-American stars.

2. *Bohemian Rhapsody*

Nothing—not even a troubled production history, a director with a history of sexual assault, and an end product so shoddy its incompetent editing became the subject of multiple viral videos on Twitter—could prevent last year's Queen biopic from grossing nearly a billion dollars worldwide and winning four Oscars. Expect to see every legacy musical act from the seventies and eighties attempt to duplicate *Bohemian Rhapsody's* success.

3. *Captain Marvel*

The original stars of the Marvel Cinematic Universe are looking to move on, but the roaring success of *Captain Marvel* suggests that the public's appetite for superhero stories hasn't dimmed one bit. But *Captain Marvel's* true influence might very well be the effects technology that convincingly de-aged Samuel L. Jackson back to his mid-forties. We're already suffering through countless reboots of old Hollywood properties—we might soon start to see movie stars getting rebooted as well.

4. *Crazy Rich Asians*

Critics have been writing obituaries for the romantic comedy for years,

for the rom-com what the *Fast and the Furious* films did for the action movie—it combined relatable, diverse casting with aspirational international settings, and rode it all to box-office glory.

5. *Red Sparrow*

It's not all good news in terms of influence. The weak box-office showing of Jennifer Lawrence's Soviet-spy drama (not to mention Charlize Theron's *Atomic Blonde*, Steven Soderbergh's *Haywire*, and Claire Foy's *The Girl Who Kicked the Spider's Nest*) suggests that, no matter how famous the lead or how sexy her wardrobe might be, the female-led action thriller is a dying genre. Or maybe the

WE'RE ALREADY SUFFERING THROUGH COUNTLESS REBOOTS OF OLD HOLLYWOOD PROPERTIES—WE MIGHT SOON START TO SEE MOVIE STARS GETTING REBOOTED AS WELL.

contending that no one knows how to write these films anymore, that the studios never found a true successor to Julia Roberts to star in them, and that they don't generate enough money internationally to make the effort worthwhile. But, maybe, nobody was thinking globally enough. With its absurdly luxe Singapore setting, *Crazy Rich Asians* brought a freshness and a glamour to the genre that no Katherine Heigl vehicle could equal. *Crazy Rich Asians* did

audience has simply moved to the small screen: the BBC series *Killing Eve* has earned an enthusiastic following with its psychologically twisty approach. O+I

Paul James is a playwright, editor, broadcaster, and a film and pop-culture commentator for such outlets as CBC Radio, Salon, and Eighteen Bridges magazine. He is the cohost of the podcast "Trash, Art & the Movies." Follow him on Twitter @myelbow



KACEY MUSGRAVES

We're crushing hard on this talented Texas star.

COUNTRY music artist Kacey Musgraves was just nine when she wrote her first song, "Notice Me," for her elementary school graduation in the rural community of Golden, Texas.

It took a while, but notice her they did, and now the 30-year-old Musgraves is positioned to become one of the biggest voices in music, competing with the likes of Taylor Swift and Carly Rae Jepsen, but with a sweet country twang. Musgraves's latest album, *Golden Hour*, pulled in four Grammys in February, including Album of the Year, and has sent her on a whirlwind concert schedule she's dubbed the "Oh, What a World Tour."

Like country legends Dolly Parton and Tammy Wynette, Musgraves keeps it simple onstage, with her acoustic guitar, fringed minidresses, and big, inimitable voice, which is why we love her. In interviews, she comes across as poised and polite, sometimes as starstruck by fans as they are by her. She's the quintessential Texas girl-next-door who'd rather be out riding horses than checking emails from her manager. But hey, she's got a lot of business to handle these days.

To see Kacey's current tour dates, go to kaceymusgraves.com

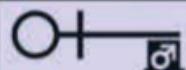
PHOTO: DEBRY WONG / SHUTTERSTOCK



Our readers' exotic sexcapades brought to life...



PENTHOUSE
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REICH ROLLED WOLFENSTEIN: YOUNGBLOOD

BETHESDA SOFTWORKS (PS4, XBOX ONE, NINTENDO SWITCH, PC)

COMBAT boots and hand grenades replace high-tops and Rubik's Cubes in the alternate-1980s setting of *Wolfenstein: Youngblood*, the latest entry in the series that popularized the first-person-shooter genre back in 1992. The Nazis have won World War II and completed their global domination in the intervening decades. Into this nightmare scenario steps Jessica and Sophia Blazkowicz, twin resistance fighters who try to put history back on track. Players choose one of the sisters and try to liberate Paris from hordes of swastika-sporting stormtroopers. And while knocking down Nazis never gets

old, it won't be easy: This installment arms the Führer's forces with technology well ahead of the 1980s, including hulking mechs and energy weapons. It's the sort of fireworks you'd expect if the Third Reich kept up R&D for another four decades.

Missions have Jess and Soph doing more than mucking up the Nazis' new world order. They're on the hunt for their father, William "B.J." Blazkowicz, a grizzled American war veteran and the longstanding hero of this series. He went missing in the last installment, and now it's his daughters' turn to infiltrate forest fortresses and mountaintop eagles' nests

looking for clues. In a series first, you don't have to tackle the goose-stepping fascists solo. A buddy can fight alongside you as either Jess or Soph online. Your co-op colleague doesn't need their own copy of the game if you buy the Deluxe Edition, which comes with a Buddy Pass allowing one friend to partner up whenever you play. (It's also a good way to dip your toes into the game if you want to try before you buy.) You can play missions in any order while unlocking new abilities and gear, including Nazi-pulverizing power suits, making for a more freewheeling way to sabotage Hitler's final solution. OH

ROADWORTHY: FOUR HIGH-MILEAGE MOBILE GAMES FOR SUMMER TREKKING

> 4 <

THE ELDER SCROLLS: BLADES (BETHESDA SOFTWORKS, ANDROID, IOS)

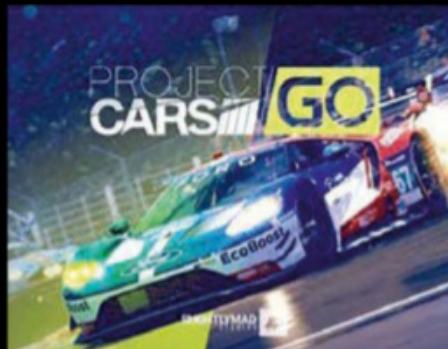
Previous chapters in this series are known for their endless quests and sprawling realms—a lot to pack into a small package. So this mobile version splits it all into three scoops: a Town mode in which you rebuild your village, an Arena where you brutalize other players, and an Abyss with a bottomless dungeon to explore.



> 3 <

PROJECT CARS GO (SLIGHTLY MAD STUDIOS, ANDROID)

Car aficionados covet the *Project Cars* series for its impeccable re-creations of exotic autos and true-to-life handling specs. This mobile spin-off promises that same attention to detail while adding customizability to the mix, letting gearheads monkey around under the hood. The graphics still scream along, so you'll feel like you're going fast even if you're stuck on the tarmac in real life.



> 2 <

SUPER MARIO MAKER 2 (NINTENDO, SWITCH)

If all your summer downtime makes you antsy, why not do something constructive? This game-making kit gives you everything you need—lava pools, bottomless pits, power-ups, and baddies ripped from Mario's world—to create the perfect classic side-scrolling experience. Or stay lazy and download levels from players who've made more creative use of their vacations.



> 1 <

DIABLO IMMORTAL (BLIZZARD/NETEASE, ANDROID, IOS)

This series' simple hack-and-slash formula—inspired by the *Gauntlet* arcade machine that ate all your quarters in the eighties—pares down perfectly onto the mobile platform, with touchscreen slaying that works surprisingly well. Add in massively multiplayer online play and an endless supply of randomly generated loot, and *Diablo Immortal* becomes an on-the-go game with unlimited mileage.



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GOOD HABITS

For a brief, shining moment, The Singing Nun topped the Billboard charts.

BY MICHAEL HINGSTON

THE Billboard Hot 100 isn't a perfect metric for listing the biggest songs in America—its measuring criteria are constantly shifting, for instance, making it difficult to compare chart positions over time—but it's always a fascinating snapshot of certain periods in pop-culture history. And when things get weird, the results are frozen in time for all to see.

Take the week of December 7, 1963. Despite the decade, little of what we now think of as "sixties music" had arrived on the charts yet. At this point, the Beach Boys were around, and the Kingsmen's iconic cover of "Louie Louie" had spiked to No. 4. But the Beatles and the rest of the British Invasion were still months away from crossing the Atlantic. Mostly, it was a simpler time on the *Billboard* charts, the domain of singers like Chubby Checker and Elvis Presley, whose "Bossa Nova Baby" was still hanging around the charts at No. 29.

But the No. 1 spot in the country? That belonged to "Dominique," a gentle acoustic sing-along, sung entirely in French, written and performed by a Belgian woman in full habit—Jeannine Deckers, better known across the English-speaking world as The Singing Nun.

Jeanne-Paule Marie Deckers was born in 1933 and grew up in Brussels. After college she joined the Dominican Order and moved into a convent. In her spare time, Deckers was a singer-songwriter, and her musical talents quickly caught the ears of her fellow nuns. Once they realized what she could do, they sent her off to Philips Records to record an album that could be privately used to promote the convent. But when Philips executives heard Deckers's material, they smelled a commercial hit and offered her a record contract as Soeur Sourire, aka Sister Smile. "Dominique," an ode to the founder of her order, took off on the European charts in 1962, and was exported to the United States soon afterward.

As improbable a hit as the song might seem today, "Dominique" nonetheless followed what would become a familiar pop trajectory. It rocketed up the *Billboard* charts, in part due to the comforting feeling of innocence it conjured in the wake of the JFK assassination, and Deckers even came to America to perform it live on *The*

Ed Sullivan Show—once again beating the Beatles to the punch. It was there she received the moniker The Singing Nun, and a few years later Hollywood came calling, adapting her life story into a musical of the same name, starring Debbie Reynolds.

But fame, as always, came at a cost. Deckers felt that her persona was difficult to live up to, and that the Church, which handled much of her career, including her income, was too controlling. "I was never allowed to be depressed," she said later.

In 1966, she left her convent and started releasing music that was increasingly critical of the Church, including the pro-birth-control song, "Glory Be to God for the Golden Pill." After the failure of another album (sample song title: "Sister Smile Is Dead"), Deckers returned to Belgium to open a school for children with autism. By the late 1970s, the Belgian government went after her for \$63,000 in unpaid taxes, which Deckers claimed ought to be paid by the convent. She briefly returned to music, releasing a disco version of "Dominique" that sounds pretty much how you think it would. Finally, in 1985, struggling with both her finances and her mental health, Deckers and her female roommate committed suicide together. Some later sources, like the 2009 Belgian biopic *Sister Smile*, argue that the two women were long-time lovers.

As for "Dominique," it remains one of only a handful of foreign-language songs to ever hit No. 1 on the *Billboard* Hot 100. The song has had a curiously lengthy legacy in American pop culture, too, being referenced in TV shows from *The Simpsons* to *Mad Men* to *Everybody Loves Raymond*. Most recently, "Dominique" was darkly repurposed over the course of the entire season of *American Horror Story: Asylum*, as a torture device played on an endless loop by a sadistic Catholic nun in the hallways of a mental institution.

It may not be the legacy Deckers had in mind, but given the surprising and tragic arc of her post-*Billboard* career, that sounds about par for the course. 

Michael Hingston is a writer in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. His new book is "Let's Go Exploring," a history and analysis of the comic strip "Calvin and Hobbes."



THE
PENTHOUSE
AWARD

TOP TIER

THOUGH we love all of our Pets equally, this issue we had to give a big ol' shout-out to the Penthouse Pet of the Year winners of the past. That golden key is a sweet, sweet prize.

Nice stems, ladies.

PHOTOGRAPHY
BOB GUCCIONE
WITH MALINOWSKI





GINGER MILLER
Pet of the Year, 1989





VICTORIA LYNN JOHNSON
Pet of the Year, 1977

MINDY FARRAR
Pet of the Year, 1987







DOMINIQUE MAURE
Pet of the Year, 1978







CHERYL RIXON
Pet of the Year, 1979



2019 PET OF THE YEAR

GIANNA DIOR

A big round of applause for our Pet of the Year, Gianna Dior. This Alabama-bred firecracker burst onto the scene in May 2018 and hasn't slowed down since. She's taken the industry by storm, quickly rising to become one of Twitter's favorite adult starlets with a no-holds-barred attitude to match her stunning looks. Though she may appear to be all glam and glitz, Gianna is a down-to-earth, rough-and-tumble kind of girl who claims the weirdest place she's had sex is in a tree fort while on a hunting trip down South. Atta girl.

AGE: 22 • HEIGHT: 5'4" • MEASUREMENTS: 32B-26-33

HOMETOWN: ANDALUSIA, ALABAMA

PHOTOGRAPHY
MS. SANDS







On her favorite musical artist...

“I love Ariana Grande. I am obsessed with her. I went to see her perform recently and the show was incredible. She was so interactive with the audience. It was such a personal experience. I was blown away.”

On how she got into the adult industry...

“Some agent found me on Tinder while I was back in Alabama. I just went for it. I felt really at peace with the decision. It was so strange. And I’m so glad I did, because I absolutely love being in the adult industry.”

On how she deals with the internet trolls...

“I’ve learned how to block out the crazy or disrespectful things. You know, the ones that say things like, “How much for an hour?” or “Do you escort?” It’s so rude and I pay no attention to it. I don’t even open those messages. I only open DMs that come from people I know, or well-known people.”

On living in Los Angeles...

“I’m not going to lie—I’m only here because this is where my career needs to be. I wish I was living in the Pacific Northwest. I crave the rain and the gloom. I think I belong in Seattle.”

On her sexual preferences...

“I have had so many requests for bondage scenes, and I have no interest. Here’s the thing: I am super, super submissive. I love being restricted by a person, but just not by stuff like ball gags and ropes.”

On where she sees her career heading...

“I plan on doing [porn] until I’m on my deathbed. This is the best thing that has ever happened to me.”



































OP-ED

THE TINDERIZATION OF CULTURE

With social media, we reach celebrities with a click, we think we know them, and we're quick to turn on them. Has our “swipe right, swipe left” culture gone too far?

BY WILLIAM LEE

If, in the last half decade, you've been dumped, or done the dumping, or gotten late-night drunk and decided it was time to explore your options for 15 minutes before becoming overcome by shame, or if you've ever been single, or know single people, or if you just, like, have the internet, you know about "the state of dating." Virtual dating has gone from video personals to three photos on Tinder and a prayer for rain.

Culture is like that, too. Instead of buying records, we stream music on services that plop ads in between our favorite songs. Welcome to our current cultural moment—getting face-fucked by a nonstop stream of information and entertainment.

Famed sociologists Donald Horton and Richard Wohl called this "para-social interaction," and it's making America stupid. In 1956, they introduced the concept because TV sets were being bought for most households. People were suddenly "interacting" with strangers for the first time on a national scale. Back then, the friendship was one-sided and completely controlled by the performer.

"There are, of course, ways in which the spectators can make their feelings known to the performers and the technicians who design the programs, but these lie outside the para-social interaction itself," the sociologists wrote for *Psychiatry: Journal for the Study of Interpersonal Processes*. "Whoever finds the experience unsatisfying has only the option to withdraw."

That's how it used to be, but a lot has changed in the contract between the performer and his or her "friends." Social media gave the performers unprecedented ability to market themselves to us. It's also transformed marketing into an activity almost more relevant than the performance itself. Chrissy Teigen hasn't actually modeled in however long. Emily Ratajkowski is more famous for taking off her clothes on Instagram than she is for taking off her clothes in the "Blurred Lines" video. Alexis Ren...well, you get the idea.

Whether they are models, porn stars, or *Star Wars* actors, performers are now generating their fame from direct audience interaction. This means that we are now closer than ever to being actual friends with actual celebrities. Rather than reading about them on TMZ after their overdose or reenacting *Basic Instinct* outside Les Deux, we watch celebrities melt down on Twitter in real time.

This is a problem because it pushes the formerly easy-to-understand para-social interaction into this bizarre gray area where the celebrity creates the illusion of friendship with normal people—well, as "normal" as a person running a stan account can be. It's also a problem because we are constantly inundated with celebs or wannabe celebs who desperately want our attention. And we give it to them, because we want to be friends with famous people—or at least talk shit to them in a venue in which there's a chance we'll be acknowledged.



What's it like to have a large group of hot people who want to be friends with you, but present very little concrete information about their actual lives? Also, you'll never meet them in real life and they for sure don't want to fuck you. Basically, pop culture is now Tinder.

We get cultural information at an unprecedented pace. Rather than one episode a week, Netflix drops a season on us all at once. And in order to stay relevant—and keep getting those sweet-ass likes—there's huge pressure to have an opinion about everything. But how do you have an opinion about everything when "everything" is infinitely incomsumable and only growing larger by the moment? Simple—swipe right, swipe left. Scarlett Johansson is somehow playing another Asian character? Racist! Swipe left! There's a whole sitcom that's fronted by a woman? Feminist! Swipe right!

See how easy that is? We do it all the time about everything. Basically, there isn't an opportunity to think for more than two seconds about anything. And why would you? Thinking is hard and for nerds.

Of course, the natural next step is to say: *Do something*. If everything is racist, and everyone is sexist, and apparently every comedian is somehow racist, homophobic, and possibly a pedophile, then there has to be real stakes. Otherwise we're just pissing in the wind. So, we get these massive campaigns targeting whoever is, that day, a racist or a rapist or whatever

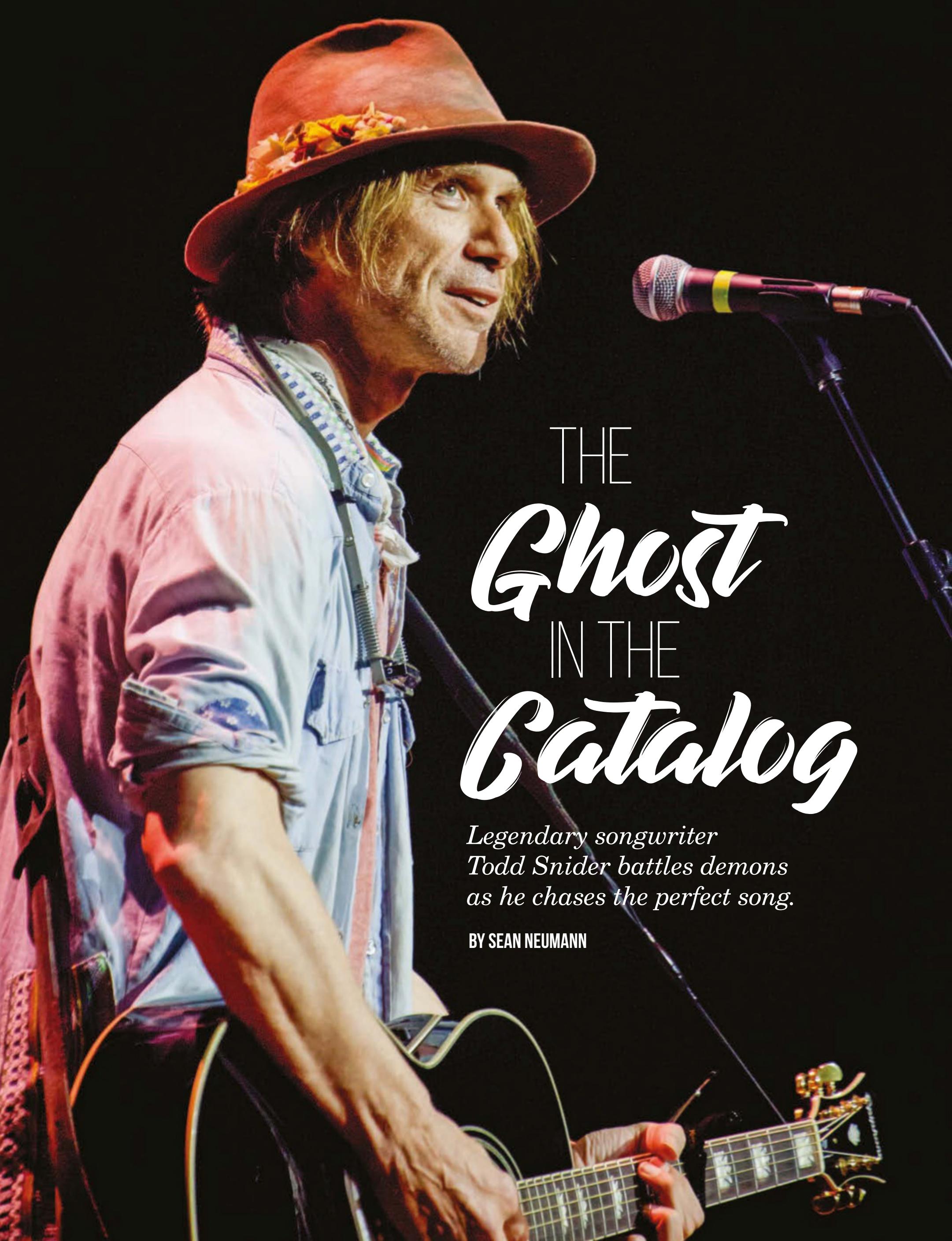
else the online hordes have decided that person is. A large slice of online culture swipes left on a person, place, or thing, and then has to go on [insert social media platform here] and post exactly why they swiped left, and how that person, place, or thing has been personally offensive to them.

Like Tinder, these cancellations have real-life consequences. If you're a well-intentioned but clueless person, maybe you make an apology afterward and hunker down for a while. If you're some stupid joker that makes some stupid joke, maybe you have to change your name and live in oblivion forever.

And here's the thing: It's obviously bad to be racist or homophobic and beyond bad to sexually assault anyone. Basically, everyone agrees on this except certain elected officials. But the pace and speed with which people are branded as one thing—which then becomes their log line forever—is crazy. We all think prominent people are kind of our friends, and that we actually know them, and then we decide that nobody should ever know them ever again. Which is insane.

But you—yes you, reader—can fight this. It's super simple. First, take a deep breath. Second, log off. Third, go smell some flowers or something and stop pretending you know famous people. It's demented. 

William Lee is a writer from Chicago, Illinois.



THE *Ghost* IN THE *Catalog*

*Legendary songwriter
Todd Snider battles demons
as he chases the perfect song.*

BY SEAN NEUMANN

HERE'S this song Todd Snider's been working on for 30 years now. Call it the white whale of his songwriting career: a crafty, elusive creature, with size, connected to the depths. The search for it—the quest to get the song right—drives him on. It drove him while starting out, when mostly all he had was a dream, and lots to learn, and naysayers to ignore, and nothing gigs in half-empty bars to play. And it kept driving him on through mid-career drug problems, health problems, and relationship problems.

Fifty-two years old now, with shaggy blond hair he might accent with a beard and floppy hat like Neil Young used to wear, Snider has bright, animated blue eyes. He holds your gaze when he talks, telling stories that make you laugh or think. And sometimes, discussing his work, he seems to reengage with the essence of a song right on the spot.

But talking about this one, the song that's eluded him all these years? Snider shakes his head a little and stares off to the side.

He wrote the first version when he was 22, and called it "Where Will I Go Now That I'm Gone?" Three decades later, it's a tune that still makes him stare into the distance. Like it's out there somewhere, the secret to making the song work the way he wants it to. Like if he keeps looking for it, traveling here and there—he's done a ton of rambling, in the finest folk-troubadour tradition—maybe, just maybe, it'll appear.

The album's title nods to the fact that Snider recorded it at Johnny Cash's old Tennessee hideaway and recording studio, a place still hosting top musicians, and run by Cash's son, John Carter Cash. Snider first visited in 2015 to watch Loretta Lynn record a couple of songs they'd written together. While there, he had a dream that began to recur.

In the dream, Snider is asleep on the floor in a certain part of the studio, only to be awakened by the Man in Black himself. Cash's son later told Snider this was the spot where his dad had died, on a bed set up in the studio during the legendary musician's last days. It wasn't long after this that Snider returned to record some material for his band Hard Working Americans, a supergroup featuring members of the Chris Robinson Brotherhood and Widespread Panic. And then last autumn, Snider recorded ten spare, acoustic tunes at Cash Cabin Studio. The tracks are heartfelt, moving, funny, and political, with attention given to the craft of songwriting itself, and the songwriter's life.

On "The Ghost of Johnny Cash," Snider strums Cash's beloved, century-old Martin guitar, and sings about Loretta Lynn dancing with Cash's ghost outside the cabin at night.

Though words like "hippie" and "stoner" have been applied to Snider—a guy who does like his weed, doesn't carry a wallet, has played in jam bands, and enjoys conversational tangents—he is anything but a slacker when it comes to songwriting. He's intense,

"When you're letting these sounds that come out of nowhere start guiding your decisions," Snider says. "it feels like, Oh my God, there's a ghost here."

We're seated at a small kitchenette table inside his tour bus, which is parked behind the historic Wealthy Theatre in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Snider's faraway look, as he reflects on that just-out-of-reach, spurring-him-on song, comes after a lively 90 minutes of talking to me about politics, drugs, his family, his fans, and life on the road.

That's the thing with folk singers, Snider says. You don't even need to ask them a question to start getting answers. But when he gets to talking about music, the focus of his life, he slows down and has an air of searching for something, like a guy on a beach with a metal detector, sweeping the sand, believing he might find an object of value in the very next moment.

A laid-back individual who favors jeans and sneakers, and sometimes performs barefoot, Snider—his fair hair and casual manner suggestive of the late Tom Petty—gets into a marveling mode, even a reverential one, when speaking of times when songwriting can feel magical.

"When you're letting these sounds that come out of nowhere start guiding your decisions," he says, "it feels like, Oh my God, there's a ghost here."

■ ■ ■

SPEAKING of connections to the beyond, a tether through the ether linking the living and those who have passed, there's a song called "The Ghost of Johnny Cash" on Snider's new album, *Cash Cabin Sessions, Vol. 3*, released this spring to much critical praise.

dedicated, studious, and aims high. He says he doesn't trust a lyric unless it's been around for a year. Reviewers of this new album have been hailing its songcraft mastery.

The renowned music critic Robert Christgau gave *Cash Cabin Sessions* an "A," and wrote on Vice's music site, Noisey: "You'd never know from its offhand feel how practiced this material is. That's one reason it's so replayable.... The other, of course, is that the words are good."

No Depression put it this way: "Snider is a force of nature. He's a brilliant songwriter who's always searching for the next chord, the next story, the next joke, the next idea, the next experience he can turn into song." *Rolling Stone* adds, "His lyrics are razor sharp, unsparing, hilarious, and surprisingly tender.... The most provocative moments are topical, when Snider takes scalpels to modern cultural cancers and musical histories both."

And *Folk Radio* magazine delivered a rave: "Gripping from start to finish...piercing, precise. Snider's sterling acoustic guitar work is arguably tighter than ever.... [The album's] heard as if you are face-to-face with the man, sipping or smoking on something fine, reclining on his porch-side or slumped, quietly contemplating it all in some backroom bar."

The review conjures a songwriter "spitting blue-collar grit like Springsteen, careening with the same charm of Kristofferson and with the slick wit of [John] Prine, [Randy] Newman, and [Loudon] Wainwright."



■ ■ ■

SNIDER'S productivity and focus are well-known to fellow musicians and others in the music industry, who aren't fooled by the toker's drawl. He's recorded 14 original albums since 1993, released both live and cover albums, appeared on compilations, and made records with other bands. He's also written a rollicking, laugh-out-loud memoir, *I Never Met a Story I Didn't Like: Mostly True Tall Tales*, published in 2014. If he's not songwriting or recording, he's touring. He's played thousands of shows, and the total would be even higher if health and drug issues hadn't sidelined him at points.

"For [Snider], the clever part of songwriting, that's the easy part," fellow songwriter Bobby Bare Jr. once observed to *The Austin Chronicle*. "That's the natural part of his talent. But what makes him better than everybody else is how hard he works at the craft of those clever ideas. That's what great songwriters do. They work hard on what they stumble upon."

That *Folk Radio* reviewer is not the only critic to mention Snider in the same breath as some of our songwriting elites. And the East Nashville mainstay has also influenced and helped pave the way for younger, Grammy-winning country stars like Jason Isbell and Kacey Musgraves. On *Cash Cabin*, Isbell provides harmonies on a terrific track called "Like a Force of Nature." Isbell and his wife, 37-year-old songwriter and violinist Amanda Shires, also contribute backup vocals on two of the political songs, "The Blues on Banjo" and "A Timeless Response to Current Events." Rootsy, pointed, and conversational, "Blues" calls out NRA-beholden politicians and border-wall hysteria, while "Timeless" takes on phony, divisive patriotism.

Like Snider, Isbell and Shires have decided ignoring politics isn't an option, not in the current climate. Younger Nashville musicians of a progressive bent can look to Snider for an example of a veteran musician who's found a way to give compelling voice to his political convictions without sacrificing musicianship—like a latter-day Woody Guthrie.

He's keeping a close eye on what's going on, politically and culturally. When we meet on his tour bus, he's got the TV tuned to CNN, makes reference to the politics of Meghan McCain, and criticizes the "prison-industrial complex."

But of course what most often catches the attention of fans and musicians (count comedian Richard Lewis among the former;

Lewis, a Snider friend, gets a mention on this new album) is his musical prowess and creativity—his deft way with a song. Snider took up the craft of songwriting in his late teens, when music put a hex on him. That hex is still as strong as ever. An hour before his sold-out show in Grand Rapids, he can't quit thinking about that damn elusive song, the one whose final form he seems doomed to forever chase.

"It's the worst problem I've ever had," Snider says, shaking his head again. "That's the thing. You just keep looking for it. I don't even know what it is."

■ ■ ■

INSIDE the 400-seat theater, the lights dim and Snider comes onto the stage, a mile-wide grin on his face, raised hands making peace signs. A crowd of mostly middle-aged fans rises and applauds. After getting ready to play, Snider nods hello and begins to strum and sing. Moments later he backs away from the mike, and you can hear him chuckle in disbelief as the crowd continues singing his song louder than he was singing it.

Later on, there's a moment of magic as everybody in the theater who can whistle does so in unison, right along with Snider. And then there's the interlude when his brown-and-black dog, Cowboy Jim, a fan favorite who'd wandered onstage earlier, comes back out and starts barking in seeming agreement as Snider sings a line about an old radio station that carries veiled social commentary: "We used to listen then."

Intimate accidents like the crowd turning into a whistling chorus, or Cowboy Jim's perfectly timed woofs, which sent a delighted charge through the theater, are the kinds of things that have kept Snider hooked on performing music his whole adult life.

"I get goosebumps just thinking about it," Snider tells me later, using the words "electric" and "cosmic" to characterize those moments of sudden communal harmony. "You're part of this gig and you feel like you're part of this bigger thing. It's like God wanted it to happen. So, it's like, Let's drive another six hours and do it again!"

■ ■ ■

THOUGH in person, in his book, and in his music over the years, Snider has never had a problem discussing his life's journey, which has seen its share of ups and downs, he chose to limit the autobiographical stuff on this new album. Half the songs address societal and political matters, while three more explore

music-making itself, and Nashville musical history. Had he wanted to mine his recent life for material, there would have been a lot to consider. He got divorced in 2014. He also started abusing painkillers, a habit that began when he developed a back problem. He spent too many days in a narcotic haze, and missed some shows. But he's feeling a lot better now, and says weed's all he needs.

His new record doesn't touch much on his divorce, despite its impact on his life the past few years. Snider doesn't really see the point, he tells me, in those "bummed about a girl" musical laments. "Sometimes I think those songs get so whiny," the songwriter continues. He believes "Like a Force of Nature" says enough about what he's been through, and says it in the right way.

Wise, moving, and unsentimental, this tune, with perfect phrasing and subtle wit, opens, "Well, if we never get together again/ Forgive me for the fool I've been/ See if you can remember me/ When I was listening to my better angels." The narrator then confesses to a need for constant motion, an urge so strong it's like a force of nature.

"I can't keep myself from moving," Snider sings, his tone weathered, a voice with mileage on it. As it happens, the songwriter himself, he estimates, has lived in 50-plus residences, to go with decades of cross-country touring.

When it comes to the early part of his roaming life, biographical accounts tend to vary a bit, as Snider's story has acquired some romantic lore over the years, troubadour tales taking on lives of their own. But a teenage relocation is a constant in the different accounts. Born in Portland, Oregon, Snider moved from suburban Beaverton to Austin, Texas, in his teens. His parents had gone

Republican, Danny didn't find songwriting a reputable profession, didn't share his son's love of poetry, and distrusted the politics of folkies who strum guitars and pen lyrics about life, love, planet Earth, and social injustice. During his early twenties, Todd would get in heated political arguments with his dad. When the musician would accuse right-wingers of racism and homophobia, Danny would come back and call his son a fag.

As a young man starting out in music, Snider found himself looking beyond his dad for support and inspiration. With his personality and talent a combination that could get him noticed, he had the good fortune of finding father figures who also happened to be some of the country's best songwriters. One of those was Jerry Jeff Walker, who wrote "Mr. Bojangles." Snider has said seeing Walker play solo at an Austin bar helped show him the way: Instead of running around trying to get a band together, he could just be a man with songs and a guitar.

After sending a demo tape to Memphis singer-songwriter Keith Sykes, a friend of both Walker and John Prine, as well as a member of Jimmy Buffett's Coral Reefer Band, Snider was encouraged by Sykes to move to Memphis and join the thriving music scene there.

Eventually, Snider snagged a regular gig at a club called the Daily Planet. Meanwhile, Sykes was doing what he could to help Snider launch his career. The songcraft education that began in Austin—how to chart rhyming patterns, for example—accelerated in Memphis. Snider was learning from Walker, Sykes, Prine. And from Jimmy Buffett himself he gleaned a few parlor tricks when it comes to working a crowd.

From all these guys he also learned how to grind, Snider tells me. With their stories of starting out, and from his observations of

"You're part of this gig and you feel like you're part of this bigger thing. It's like God wanted it to happen. So, it's like, Let's drive another six hours and do it again!"

broke, and his older brother had found work in Austin, which helped motivate the change of scene.

While growing up, Snider found his dad a mysterious figure. He says his family had money for a while, and then suddenly lost it all. Later, his parents got divorced.

"I think my dad did a lot of coke and was gambling," Snider tells me. "He was a wild fucker." Snider says he never knew exactly what his dad did for a living, but it was construction-related. He describes his late father, Danny, who died at 54, as "tough."

Years ago, Snider heard rumors that his dad had a hand in organized crime—a theory buttressed both by an Oregon reporter, who once told the songwriter as much, and by the fact that a family friend eventually got murdered in a hit. Snider says he doesn't doubt the rumors about his dad, but he can't say for sure if they're true.

Early on, Danny Snider made it clear he didn't approve of his son's career choice. He told the aspiring songwriter that if he didn't drop the music dream and find a real job, he'd spend his life playing the same shitty bars for the same shitty pay. A conservative

these mentors in action, he got an idea of what it takes to succeed. It might mean playing nightly shows to 15 or 20 people for who knows how long. And it definitely means working on a song until it's perfect. Even if it takes 30 years.

In 1993, Buffett signed Snider to his Margaritaville Records label. Danny was there the night his son put his signature to a contract for his debut album, *Songs for the Daily Planet*, released that year. Seeing tangible signs of his son's music success impacted the elder Snider. "I remember that night felt like show business," Snider recalls. "Like something a dad could get. He was like, 'I'm really proud of you. You're working hard!'"

Danny Snider died less than a year later.

■ ■ ■

FOR years, Todd Snider assumed he'd die in some sort of accident. A car crash. A tour prank gone wrong. He'd think of Elvis dying on the can. Buddy Holly in a plane crash. Janis Joplin's heroin overdose. He says his mom, Micki, was always worried about him. She still worries. And his dad worried, too, but more about his son's financial and marital prospects.

Truth be told, with all the drugs Snider has taken, he *has* flirted with death. And in 2016, he says he started regularly taking acid to go with the pills, drinking, and heavy marijuana use.

Snider was scheduled to play a music festival in Chillicothe, Illinois, but collapsed and had a seizure before taking the stage. His manager, Brian Kincaid, helped carry him unconscious to the medical tent. An ambulance arrived. Snider remembers coming to en route to the hospital. Kincaid remembers Snider waking up and promptly laughing as a young paramedic kept missing Snider's veins with the IV needle—the result of a fast, bumpy ride and Snider's inability to remain still. "I was tripping balls," Snider laughs. "I was talking to him like, 'Well, it's me and you, kid! This is going to be a weird way to go.'"

Miraculously, Snider recovered enough to play a gig the next night in Nashville. Doctors had flushed him out with fluids overnight and through the morning. With Kincaid's help, they got him on the bus and drove as fast as they could to Music City. Years ago, Snider might have skipped the show, he says. In his younger, wilder days, there were times when he was getting busy with a girl, or simply got too wasted to perform. "There'd be maybe 300 angry people somewhere and none of them would sue me," Snider says. "I've been really good about it in the past few years, though."

Last year, he did have to cancel some tour dates for medical reasons. He suffers from chronic back pain and has arthritis

candid recollections, Snider keeps fans as entertained between songs as he does during songs. With me on the tour bus, he shared tales of epic acid benders he says lasted for days. And just as he does in the theater, on the tour bus he spoke of the importance of persistence, of how he built his career through years of staying at it, never giving up. "It all just slowly works," he said. "I've never had a hit, but I've got like a million albums, and you just keep plugging away."

That night in Michigan, Snider abandons his set list early, letting the crowd and their shouted preferences guide what he plays. Eventually, he lets everyone know it's time for a last song, and starts softly strumming the opening chords to "Working on a Song." It's a tune from the new album, inspired by that song he's chasing.

"I never gave up on it," Snider tells the crowd. "I always thought...I'll get this one day, you know?" A hush descends inside the theater as he begins to play.

"When that idea first came to me, I was only 22," Snider sings, more slowly than usual. "By 25, I had realized it was all that I could do/ To make it to the end, but then again, I always knew/ If I never got it finished I could die trying to."

If Snider's addictions have nearly killed him, the place where he stands now, that stage in Grand Rapids, gives him life. And being hooked on the art of words and music, an art that helps make his

"It all just slowly works," Snider says. "I've never had a hit, but I've got like a million albums, and you just keep plugging away."

in his neck. While explaining how hard it is for musicians to stay in shape and routinely see a doctor, Snider points to the left side of his neck. He says a doctor found a trio of discs scraping into each other. His fans—especially the ones Snider's age or older—are understanding when his spine problems cause cancellations, and send him well wishes, or share their own tales of chronic pain.

He's trying to live right these days—or right enough. Snider hopes missing gigs—for any reason, but especially because of drugs—is a problem in the rearview mirror. He doesn't want fans to ever again have to post things like this 2017 comment after some shows were dropped: "This is nothing new for Todd. [You] never know if he's going to play an awesome show, nod off and walk out mid-set, or not even play at all." Other fans posted about how unwell he looked. Suspecting it was "not going to be a good ending" for Snider, one commenter wrote, "Shall we predict his death?"

Snider says life and death have been on his mind recently, in part because his dad died so young. He talks to his brother Mike about this. Mike's 54, the age their father died.

■■■

INSIDE the Wealthy Theatre that night in Grand Rapids, Snider gets big laughs talking about his weed-fueled adventures. He mentions how, at Cash Cabin Studio, he got so high he wandered the surrounding forest for hours to "find a song."

A fantastic storyteller, with a gift for comic confessions and

pain vanish and helps others forget their own pain—that kind of addiction's all right, if not always easy.

When Snider talks to me about that quest song, one he's shaped into at least ten versions and tried to cowrite with other top songwriters, including Kix Brooks and the late Susanna Clark, he says it means something different to him now.

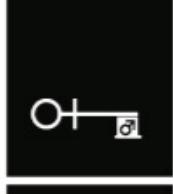
"It's about what am I going to do when I don't sing anymore," he says, looking down at a Sharpie pen he's twisting back and forth in his hands. "I get why Willie [Nelson] plays every night. I didn't used to, but now I do. I don't want to finish my songs. I don't want my show to get over. I'm not going to freak out about dying, but I enjoy being here."

Up on the stage, Snider sings, "They said maybe you've been chasing a song too long/ It's turned into a song about a song you're working on/ I mean it's gone, man, come on, let it go/ But you know, giving up a dream is just like making one come true/ It's easy to sit around talking about, it's harder to go out and do."

The 52-year-old performer slows down on the guitar, then strums his final chords. The theater lights fade. Showered in the adoration of a standing ovation, Snider sets down his guitar, slides his hands into his pockets, nods "thanks," and walks off the stage. 

Sean Neumann is a Chicago-based journalist and musician who spends much of the year touring with his bands. His writing on politics, sports, and television has appeared in Rolling Stone, ESPN, VICE, and more. Follow him on Twitter @neumannthehuman





JULY PET OF THE MONTH

ORA YOUNG



OUR July Penthouse Pet of the Month, Ora Young, has never been one to shy away from the spotlight. In fact, she's been go-go-go since she took the plunge into the adult modeling world. Who could blame her? If we looked half as good as Ora, we'd be walking around naked, ringing a bell, 24/7.

AGE: 22 • HEIGHT: 5'4" • MEASUREMENTS: 32C-27-35

HOMETOWN: LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

PHOTOGRAPHY
MS. SANDS







On what she does on her off days...

“I love yoga, hiking, eating good food, and most importantly, spending time with my perfect little dog, Bella.”

On diets...

“I don’t diet. I use intermittent fasting and only eat when I’m hungry. I did the gluten-free diet once, which was a terrible choice for me because I had to cut out pizza. It was a total disaster!”

On her pet peeves...

“I’m a pretty easygoing person, but one thing that bothers me is when people don’t cover their mouths to cough or sneeze. Just use your inner elbow or your shirt. Come on, people!”

On the most exciting place she’s had sex...

“I once had sex at a neighborhood clubhouse shower. People were walking in and out of there the whole time. It was a hot, steamy shower, and the excitement of having to keep quiet to not get caught was so intense.”

On the most daring thing she’s ever done...

“Uprooting my young life, moving to a new city, and getting naked on the internet. That was very daring for me, and it turned out to be the best adventure I’ve embarked on so far.”

On her dating deal breakers...

“Rudeness. Just be nice and be a gentleman. Is chivalry really dead?”

On her ideal man...

“I’m a big fan of the classic tall, dark, and handsome man who is driven, successful in his discipline, and a true gentleman. When the shades are closed, however, he is not afraid to get down and dirty with me. On second thought, leave the shades open.”

On her dream date...

“Elvis. He’s the first one who comes to mind.”

















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JULY 2019 PET OF THE MONTH



Ora Young

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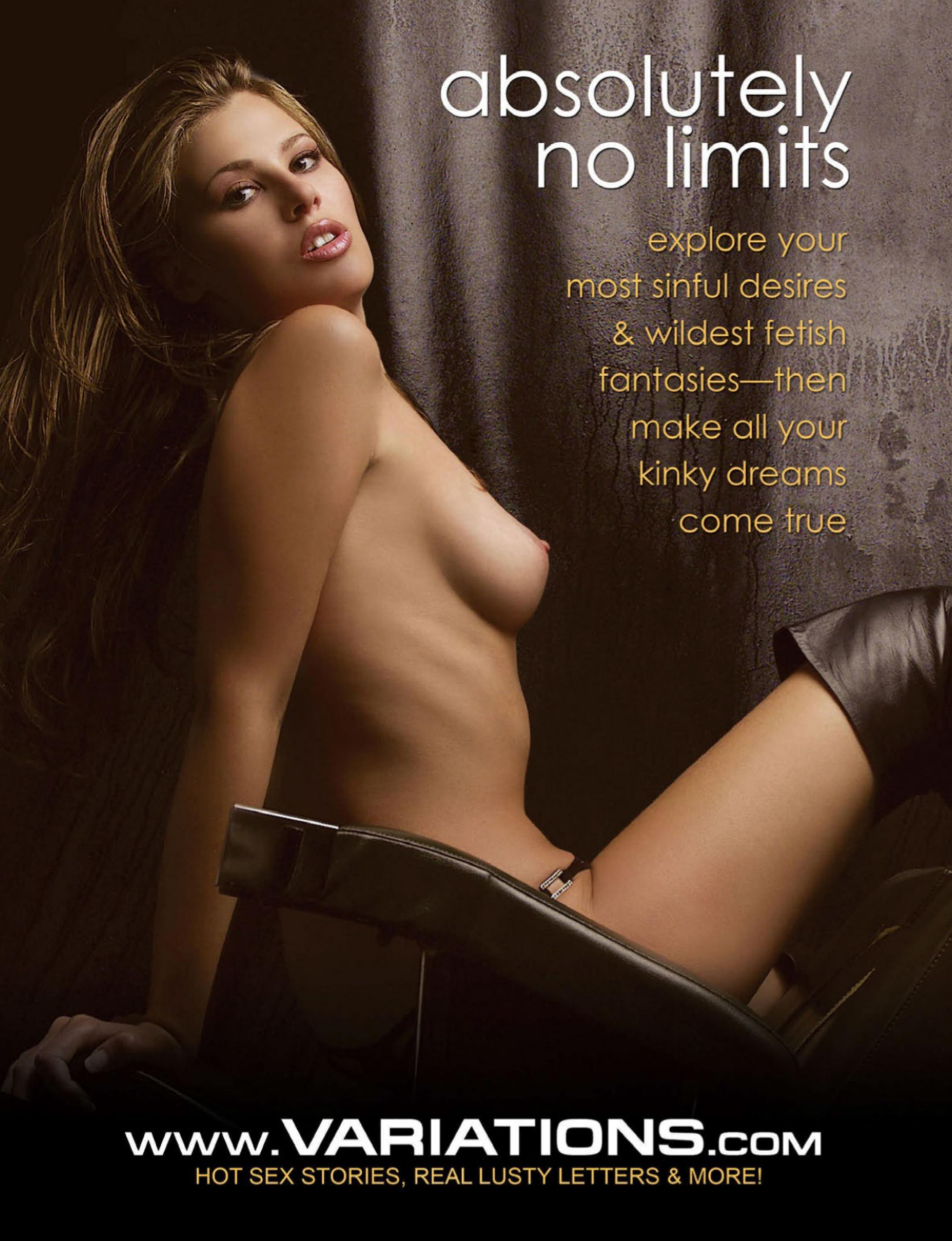




Savannah
Guthrie

PENTHOUSE[®]
AUGUST 2019 PET OF THE MONTH OH

SEE MORE OF SAVANNAH AT PENTHOUSE.COM

A woman with long brown hair is leaning against a dark, textured wall. She is wearing a black leather outfit, including a top and shorts. Her pose is seductive, with one leg bent and her hand resting on her knee. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her skin and the texture of the leather.

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AUGUST PET OF THE MONTH

SAVANNAH SIXX



OUR August Penthouse Pet of the Month, Savannah Sixx, may look sweet and innocent, but she's no doormat. When we asked her if she'd ever been in a serious physical fight, she admitted that she had. Many, in fact. Then she winked, and mimicked slicing her throat with a knife. Just kidding about that last bit. But, seriously, don't mess with her.

AGE: 19 • HEIGHT: 5'5" • MEASUREMENTS: 34C-25-36
HOMETOWN: HOLLISTER, CALIFORNIA

PHOTOGRAPHY
MS. SANDS





Fuck, Marry, Kill?

“I would fuck Rihanna because, well, who wouldn’t want to have sex with her? I’d marry Michael Cera because I love his movies and his personality. We would have a truly happy marriage. He was so weirdly cute in *Juno*. And, personally, I would never kill anyone. I’d pay someone else to handle it.”

On what she does in her spare time...

“I’m a homebody, so I love to just stay in and watch movies. Of course, there’s always some weed next to me. I also love the beach and going to concerts and raves. Music is a huge part of me, so no matter what I’m doing in my spare time, I’m probably blasting Kid Cudi. I love him.”

On the one thing she hates...

“I hate hearing people chew their food. Other than that, I’m always off in my own world, so I’m not a person who is easily annoyed by what’s around me.”

On what she likes in bed...

“Neck kissing! I also love a lot of action on my clit. That’s my spot.”

On her favorite sex position...

“If I could only be fucked in one position for the rest of my life, I would go with missionary. I know my body already, so I will always be able to get comfortable and get off.”

On things she will not tolerate...

“Animal abuse and racism.”

On her dating life...

“I spend a lot of time at home, so in general, dating isn’t a huge thing for me. If we click, then we click. I can always see someone’s true intentions, though.”

On her hero...

“I adore Scott Mescudi [Kid Cudi]. He did an amazing TED Talk, if you don’t know who he is and want a quick glimpse. I can never find the right words to explain how much his work has helped me, but he truly saved my life.”

















SOCCER'S PREMIER SEX SCANDALS

The wild, horny, bumbling, stumbling lives of footballers off the pitch.

BY PHIL HANRAHAN

LET the naughtiness begin! These words came back to me through the mists of time as I researched hanky-panky in the world of international soccer. They were spoken by an English college student arriving at a small party I attended years ago. He sounded like Hugh Grant and had a gleam in his eye as he checked the room for pretty girls, then headed for the booze.

When it comes to raunchy, goofy, often hilarious sex scandals (as opposed to the creepy, criminal kind), soccer is the clear winner among the major professional sports.

Consider, for example, that an English journalist once wrote an entire book, *Playing Away: The A-Z of Soccer Sex Scandals*, focused only on sexual follies in the English game.

There have been some doozies in other sports, of course. Who can forget what happened to Tiger Woods back in 2009? One second he was on top of the world, and the next his Swedish-model wife was bashing the rear windows of his Escalade with a golf club after discovering the first of his dozen-plus affairs. "TIGER'S BIRDIES," as the *New York Post* put it, included porn stars, a diner waitress, and the daughter of a neighbor.

In baseball, two years before Tiger's fall, the *Post* ran a front-page headline reading "STRAY-ROD." The story revealed Yankees superstar Alex "A-Rod" Rodriguez had been messing with a stacked, blonde stripper from Iowa. Kaboom went his marriage.

The NFL saw former Dallas superstar Michael Irvin linked to orgies, lesbian sex shows, and strippers named Saucy. In 2004, we were treated to Minnesota's "Love Boat Scandal." Vikings cornerback Fred Smoot organized a day on Lake Minnetonka for players and dozens of strippers flown in from Atlanta and Florida. Erotic contact ensued. I have Smoot to thank for learning that "runnin' through the okra patch" means cunnilingus.

And then there was the Ol' Gunslinger, Brett Favre. The year I was writing my Packers book, Favre, playing for the Jets,

WHEN IT COMES TO RAUNCHY, GOOFY, OFTEN HILARIOUS SEX SCANDALS (AS OPPOSED TO THE CREEPY, CRIMINAL KIND), SOCCER IS THE CLEAR WINNER AMONG THE MAJOR PROFESSIONAL SPORTS.

sent dick pics to busty sideline reporter Jenn Sterger. His casual footwear in one photo launched a thousand Crocs jokes.

But soccer, the beautiful game? It's jammed with such scandals. Here I assemble my top 11, like the number of players a team sends onto the pitch.

EL TRI SCORES

Just prior to traveling to Europe for last summer's World Cup in Russia, nine members of "El Tri," the Mexican national

team, partied in Mexico City with roughly 30 prostitutes. Some found the behavior scandalous. But not the general secretary of the Mexican Football Federation, who opined, "A free day is a free day, and those are the risks that one runs with freedom."

PRE-GAME NOOKIE

It's the 20th anniversary of the time the Israeli national team invited hookers to their Tel Aviv hotel the night before a match with Denmark. Had Israel won, the squad would have entered the European Championship tournament for the first time. They got spanked 5-0. No small number of Israeli soccer fans wished the footballers had gotten more sleep.

THAT'S COLD

Back in 2010, rumors hit that England's John Terry had enjoyed a dalliance with underwear model Vanessa Perroncel. Only problem? She was the girlfriend of teammate Wayne Bridges. Terry lost his captaincy. Bridges quit the national team. Later, Bridges dramatically refused to shake Terry's hand prior to a Chelsea-Manchester United match.

THAT'S COLDER

Nineties-era American soccer star John Harkes, named the national

team's "Captain for Life" in 1996, got mysteriously dropped from the squad two months before the 1998 World Cup. Years later we learned he'd been knocking boots with the wife of teammate Eric Wynalda. And so he got booted.

THAT'S GLACIAL

Manchester United legend Ryan Giggs saw his reputation shredded in 2011 when British tabloids caught wind of his adulterous hat-trick. One woman was a



reality-TV star. Another woman was—oh, man—his *sister-in-law*. That affair had been going on for *eight years*. Giggsy's own dad was so appalled he left his son off the wedding guest list when he remarried.

CATSUITS AND COWGIRLS

The great English striker Wayne Rooney kept the tabloids busy for years. And he started early. While playing for Everton at age 18, the future Man U captain liked to visit a Liverpool massage parlor and frolic with a middle-aged grandmother in a rubber catsuit. He did the same with a mother of six who dressed as a cowgirl. Older but not wiser, Rooney continued to step out with call girls, seeing one lady while his wife was pregnant.

RAHEEM'S BIG NIGHT

Manchester City midfielder Raheem Sterling, then 22, was in L.A. in 2017 on a preseason team tour. After drinking for hours at a strip club, the multimillionaire invited a high-priced escort to his hotel. In the morning, they bickered about her \$5,000 fee and he walked out. Eventually a team fixer handed her \$2,500 in cash.

The irked courtesan went on to provide a tabloid with the WhatsApp exchanges she had with Sterling, and headlines of "CHEAPSKEATE" followed.

BODILY FLUIDS

In late 2016, European star midfielder and French team player Samir Nasri was also in L.A. when his scandal struck. He arranged to have some immunity-boosting fluids administered intravenously by beautiful Jamila Sozahdah, the founder of a chichi wellness clinic called Drip Doctors. Later, Nasri's girlfriend Anara Atanes, a British model/singer, hacked his Twitter account and sent out a 12-tweet barrage accusing Sozahdah of doing more than provide a vitamin drip when she came to Nasri's hotel room. A sample: "Guys make sure you get this service. This whore comes and fucks the same night." Well, then.

DWIGHT AND MARK MAKE A PORNO

The lesson of this tale is: Be smart when disposing of DIY smut. Back in 1998, Man U's Dwight Yorke and Aston Villa's Mark Bosnich secretly filmed themselves having sex with four women. At one point they donned women's clothing,

and Bosnich got a spanking. Later, Yorke inexplicably put the tape...*in the trash*. A garbage-searching reporter found it. And the British tabloids pounced.

TRANNY TRIO

A Brazilian forward of otherworldly skill, Ronaldo, three-time FIFA player of the year, was partying one night in Rio in 2009 and decided to take three attractive individuals back to his hotel room. They turned out to be she-males. Rethinking his plan, Ronaldo, engaged at the time, offered his companions the equivalent of \$600 each to quietly depart. When the story got out, Ronaldo's fiancée sent him packing, though later they reunited.

PARKING-LOT ROMPS

Married at the time, Stan Collymore, a star playmaker for England's Aston Villa, had some explaining to do in 2004 when it emerged he was a fan of "dogging"—having sex with strangers in parked cars. It was a U.K. trend back then, powered by horny young people. Collymore, who set up his romps via dogging websites, was quoted as saying, "What I have done is disgusting and I'm so ashamed, but I'm only human." 

WELCOME TO THE

PENTHOUSE

HOT

In the following pages, we provide you with recommendations for great poolside reading, carry-on essentials you never knew you needed, crucial tools for your garage, and much more. We even introduce you to a slew of hidden chopper-restoration shops across America, and give you a rundown of the hottest female athletes in the game right now. Summer is here, so kick back, dive into this list, and enjoy.

100



ELLEN HOOG, FIELD HOCKEY PLAYER

Instagram: [@ellen_hoog](https://www.instagram.com/ellen_hoog)

Dutch beauty? Check. Athletic frame? Check. Good with a stick? Check. This field hockey star is one of the best reasons to watch the sport come the Summer Olympics cycle. An intense, technically skilled midfielder, Hoog has been dominating the sport since her Dutch team debut in 2004. May she continue to reign supreme on the pitch.

How to ROAD TRIP RIGHT This Summer

11



2. USE A PAPER MAP

Google Maps and Waze are great tools for when you're trying to get from A to B in the city, but when it comes to making your cross-country dreams a reality, you need to go old-school. That means trusting a paper map. Digital maps only tell half the story, and you'll miss out on all the exciting backroads and side streets that could lead to discovering something cool. Road tripping is all about exploration and seeing everything you can, so don't deprive yourself. Spend the five bucks and get a paper map.

3. PRICELINE IS YOUR BEST FRIEND

Priceline, Hotels.com, Trivago, and all the hotel apps are going to help you out once you hit the road. Booking in advance isn't necessary now that you can get a five-star hotel for the price of a three-star a few hours before check-in. These apps are made for road warriors, so take advantage of the comfort, luxury, and ease.

4. STICK TO THE SMALL ROADS

You aren't going to find anything out of the ordinary by taking the freeway and stopping at some run-of-the-mill rest stop when you need to take a leak. Get off the main road and do some exploring. Getting lost is the point. America is chock-full of rustic mom-and-pop stores with the wildest trinkets, taxidermy, Americana, and vintage guns. Ask questions. You never know what you'll find.

PHOTOS: IMYANIS, ELOPAINT, KOZRSKY, EPICSTOCKMEDIA / SHUTTERSTOCK

5. KEEP YOUR TRUNKS IN THE BACKSEAT

When driving across the country, you'll be amazed at how many remarkable bodies of water we have in this great nation. Be sure to take a detour and dive in! Are you heading through Brattleboro, Vermont? Check out Indian Love Call. Find yourself in Texas? Be sure to map out Barton Springs in Austin. Want to blow your mind? Check out Hot Springs National Park in northern Arkansas. Sure, the hotel pool at the Loews Santa Monica has all the luxury one could want, but there's nothing like jumping into fresh water in the middle of nowhere.

6. GET THE GASBUDDY APP

This app is one of the most helpful digital devices when you're road tripping. It lets you know where the nearest, cheapest gas is so if you're running low you'll never have to fret.



7. PACK CAMPING GEAR

Even if you never plan on sleeping outdoors, we highly suggest you pack some rudimentary camping gear just in case. You never know what you're going to come across, or if the mood to sleep under the stars will strike. Driving down the West Coast is heaven, and there are so many beachside places to stop for the night. Basics include a two-person tent, a roll-out mat, sleeping bags, pillows, a multipurpose knife, and a high-quality cooler for snacks and drinks.

8. MAKE SURE YOU HAVE AAA

This tip seems like a major "duh," but you should never hit the road without making sure your membership is up-to-date. You never know when you'll need a tow.



9. TASTE IT ALL

As you travel through each great state, be sure to taste the food of the land. Don't go to New Mexico and have sushi. Get on your iPhone and find the best green chili the state has to offer. Eat lobster in Maine. Chow down on deep-dish pizza in Chicago. If you find yourself in Cincinnati, you have to try the Five-Way Chili. For those who are adventurous, get the Garbage Plate at Nick Tahou Hots in Rochester, New York. Map out your trip like it's your very own episode of *Diners, Drive-Ins and Dives*, and go nuts.



10



2

10. KNOW HOW TO CHANGE A TIRE (AND HAVE THE TOOLS TO DO IT)

There's not much more to say here. Just do it.

11. FIND A GOOD COPILOT

No trip is complete without the perfect copilot. This is the person who's best at reading maps, locating killer hot spots, and picking the best songs. Playlists are going to set the mood and keep morale high on those long drives, so embrace the shuffle on Spotify and be prepared to get weird.



SEX TOYS for Couples

12. CRESCENDO BY MYSTERY VIBE

The Crescendo boasts that it's the "world's first luxury bendable vibrator that can adapt to any body shape." Sounds pretty good, right? But this sleek, pliable rod is better than good. With six powerful motors and custom-vibration capability, the whisper-quiet Crescendo is perfect for every couple since it adjusts to fit both of you. An ideal starter sex toy.

13. PIVOT BY WE-VIBE

The Pivot cock ring and vibrator is next-level. This smart piece of silicone technology slides onto the base of the cock, creating hands-free clitoral stimulation so you can focus on other parts of your lady. It offers ten unique vibrations, plus the ability to connect to the We-Vibe app so you can create your own. You can even control the Pivot via your smartphone and play with your partner when you're miles apart. A total win.

14. PARTNER WHALE BY SATISFYER

Waterproof, easy to clean, and made from gentle, skin-friendly silicone, the Partner Whale is Satisfyer's most popular couple's toy, and for good reason: It stimulates on various levels and can be used in the bedroom, the shower, or the pool. With ten settings and two powerful motors, the horn-shaped Partner Whale hooks to stimulate her clit and G-spot while also providing you with extra titillating action.

14

15. FIN BY DAME PRODUCTS

All Dame products are guaranteed to blow her away, but the Fin finger vibrator is one of the best. This tiny yet versatile vibrator hooks between your fingers and acts like an extension of your hand, providing three vibrating speeds and so much flexibility to get her off like never before. Change foreplay forever with the Fin.

16. PARTNER MULTIFUN 1 BY SATISFYER

The Partner Multifun 1 by Satisfyer is a super-flexible, horn-shaped sex toy with over 100 vibrations. The unique shape means that you can use it in many different ways, whether as a cock ring, clitoral or G-spot stimulator, or enhancer of nipple play. Versatile and discrete, this toy won't disappoint.

17. TARA BY LELO

Lelo toys are always top-of-the-line, but the Tara really screams sensual luxury. This smooth, flexible toy made from high-quality, waterproof silicone not only vibrates, but swirls around and stimulates every part of her. Tara is controlled by a single button, so just pop it in and play for hours.

18. VIBRATING RABBIT COCK RING

Every woman remembers that episode of *Sex and the City* where Charlotte is literally addicted to her Rabbit vibrator and can't leave her bed. This cock ring has the best part of the Rabbit (the "bunny ears" for clit stimulation) right on the top, so both of you will be ready to explode with pleasure together, thanks to the constant, steady vibrations delivered right to her sweet spot.

17

19. POWER FLOWER BY SATISFYER

This toy may look like a Humboldt squid, but don't let that freak you out. The amazing Power Flower has a special finger hook to hold it steady, and tops it off with three pleasure petals at the tip. (This is where the powerful vibrating motors are located.) It's good for when she's flying solo, or it can be used during foreplay for some seriously stimulating pressure. There are no rules, so just relax and enjoy.

20. HUSH BY LOVENSE

The Hush is all you'll ever need in a butt plug. Seriously. This silicone sensation is sleek, comfortable, and waterproof, and it spirals at the neck tap for easy removal. But most importantly, it connects to your smartphone so you can control its vibrations for short- or long-range play. Plus, you can sync it up to your music library for a seriously kinky game of musical chairs with your partner.

21. REMOTE BULLET VIBRATOR BY AMOUR

We love this heart-shaped toy, not only because it's so cute your lady will want to take it home and adopt it as her pet, but because it's primed for couple play. Compact, quiet, multifunctional, and easy to control at long range, the Remote Bullet Vibrator has five speeds and seven stimulation functions that you'll both enjoy.



19



20



12



15



**BRITTNEY PALMER,
UFC RING-CARD GIRL**

Instagram: @brittneypalmer

We know what you're thinking: A ring-card girl is not an athlete. But have you ever had to march in and out of the Octagon in heels, all while being ogled by millions? And what about the self-control, exercise, and strict dieting that goes into that body she parades around the ring come fight night? To look that good under such pressure is an athletic feat in itself.

2
3



ALANA BLANCHARD, SURFER

Instagram: [@alanarblanchard](https://www.instagram.com/alana.blanchard)

With over 1.8 million Instagram followers and heavenly curves, it's almost too easy to forget that this 29-year-old Hawaiian goddess is as talented as she is beautiful. Whether she's carving up a monster wave or breaking the internet with a jaw-dropping photo, Blanchard does it with aplomb. But don't let her beauty fool you—this surfer turned model can shred with the best of them.

SPA Getaways

24. THE CLIFF HOUSE

Cape Neddick, Maine

If you fancy a romantic New England getaway, you can't go wrong with this stylish cliffside resort. With ocean views up the wazoo, this historic hotel has all the best modern amenities, including an outdoor heated pool and a 9,000 square-foot spa. Gorge yourself on local seasonal fare at the resort's "farmer to fisherman" eatery, or at the seasonal, onsite lobster shack. In summer, there are fireworks every Sunday, followed by s'mores around a fire pit.

25. CALDERA HOUSE

Teton Village, Wyoming

A five-star Jackson Hole chalet, Caldera is steps from the tram, which zips you to the mountaintop in ten minutes. Each of its eight suites comes with a fireplace, chef's kitchen, and living and dining areas. Come in the winter for primo skiing, then hit the spa for a massage, sauna, and dip in the heated outdoor infinity pool. In warmer months, there's hiking, fly-fishing, and white-water rafting.

26. MONTAGE PALMETTO BLUFF

Bluffton, South Carolina

For some next-level Southern hospitality, this 20,000-acre community along the May River offers boating, fishing, a nature preserve, naturalist-led alligator "hunts," and a Jack Nicklaus Signature golf course, among other diversions. Guest rooms, suites, and cottages with screened-in porches are available in and around the plantation-style inn, and the numerous bars and restaurants, concerts, and a world-class spa will ensure you'll never want to leave.

27. SALISH LODGE & SPA

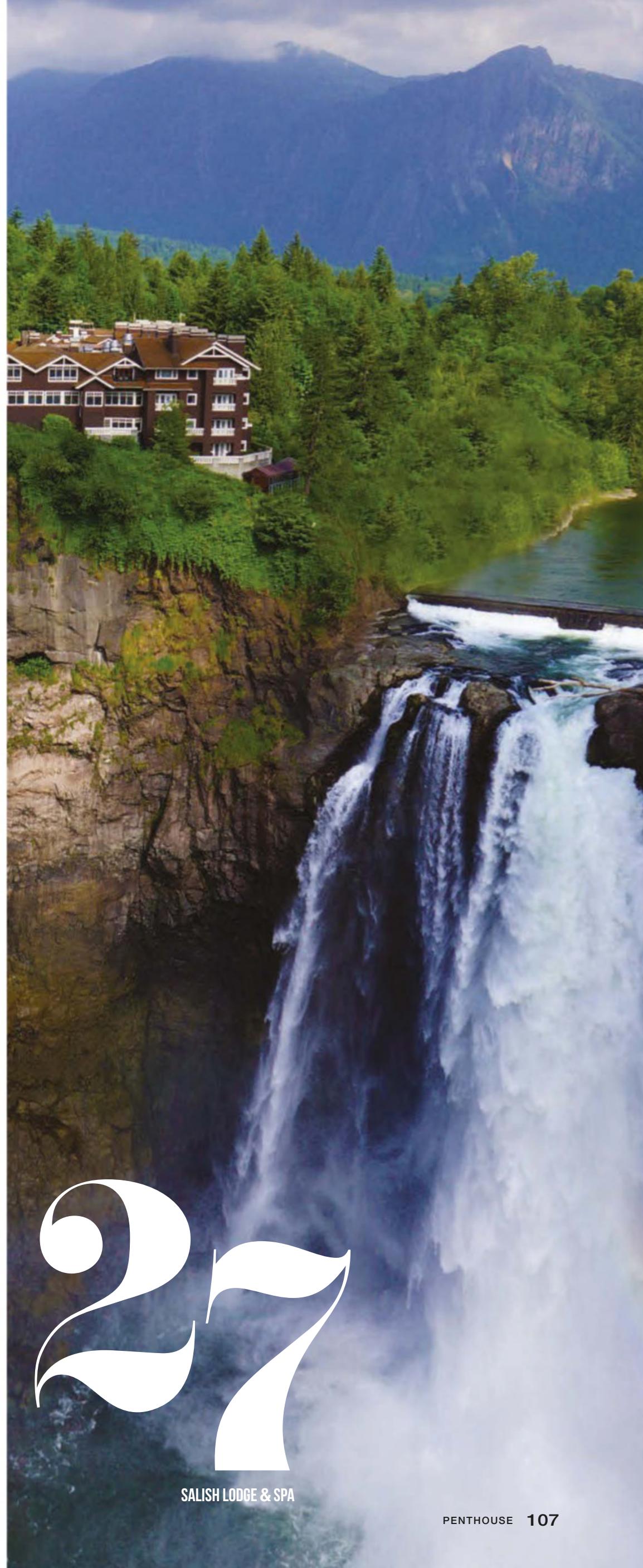
Snoqualmie, Washington

After a \$13 million renovation, the WWI-era inn (also known as the Great Northern Hotel in *Twin Peaks*) emerged a sleek mountain lodge boasting one of America's best spas. Thirty miles east of Seattle, it's surrounded by hiking paths, biking trails, lakes, and golf courses. Each of its 86 rooms comes with a fireplace and spa shower or tub; if you're lucky you'll get one overlooking Snoqualmie Falls.

28. OJO CALIENTE MINERAL SPRINGS RESORT & SPA

Ojo Caliente, New Mexico

An hour north of Santa Fe, this southwestern oasis has been revivifying guests since 1868. Spend your days exploring a thousand acres of trails, then return for a yoga class and a soak in the mineral pools and mud baths. The spa offers extensive body-treatment options, with seasonal specials for couples. Stay at the historic hotel, or in your own private, pueblo-style cottage or house.



27

SALISH LODGE & SPA



29

PAMELA ANDERSON,
TOOL TIME GIRL

Instagram: [@pamelaanderson](https://www.instagram.com/pamelaanderson)

It seems like Pamela Anderson just keeps getting better with age. The former *Baywatch* star, ex-rock-wife, Playboy Bunny, and 1996 *Penthouse* cover girl has made her name advocating for animal rights with PETA and, at age 51, just landed the cover of *Vogue*. At this rate, America's favorite blonde bombshell shows no signs of slowing down.

PHOTO: ABC / PHOTOFEST

30

KARI BYRON,
MYTHBUSTER

Instagram: [@therealkaribyron](https://www.instagram.com/therealkaribyron)

Kari Byron solidified her stardom as a host of the popular Discovery series *MythBusters*. After becoming a mom and taking a break off-screen, she's back with her new book, *Crash Test Girl: An Unlikely Experiment in Using the Scientific Method to Answer Life's Biggest Questions*. Grab a copy!



PHOTO: KARIBYRON.COM

Garage HACKS

31. MAKITA LITHIUM-ION CORDLESS CHAIN SAW

Maybe you don't need a chain saw, but who doesn't want one? This cordless Makita toes that fine line between need and want. With all the speed, agility, and power of a gas chain saw, but with 40 percent less noise, you can carve up logs in the backyard while the babes are sleeping inside. And with no engine oil to change, no spark plug to replace, and no muffler to clean out, there's no way to go wrong.



33



34



32

32. EAGLE SILENT SERIES 20-GALLON AIR COMPRESSOR

Every man should have an air compressor, but something quiet is crucial. The Eagle Silent Series is quoted at 53 decibels from 25 feet away, which means you can work all night long and none of the neighbors will bitch. The Eagle boasts an oil-free double-piston pump system and anti-vibration feet, so you can drag this thing on all terrains without scrambling its insides.

33. 3M WORKTUNES WIRELESS HEARING-PROTECTOR HEADPHONES

Heavy duty as hell, these noise-cancelling headphones are made to overpower the sound of your most obnoxious grinder. With Bluetooth technology you can stream music and podcasts from your phone or tablet without a hitch. Be a good neighbor by blasting entertainment for your ears only. Carol and Ed next door don't want to listen to "The Joe Rogan Experience" with you.

35



34. DEWALT 9-GALLON POLY WET-DRY VAC

Light, compact, and extra powerful, this shop vac does the trick at just under \$100. Forget sweeping up metal bits and wood chips from your floor when you have this thing around. It's got rubberized casters for smooth swiveling and movement, as well as an accessory storage bag attached to the back, making garage clean-up that much easier.

35. MAKITA CXT BRUSHLESS CORDLESS DRIVER-DRILL

Every hobbyist needs a solid cordless drill, and the Makita is our favorite with its powerful, compact efficiency that pushes 280 pounds of torque. Plus, this portable drill runs on a brushless motor, delivering as much as 50 percent more run time on every battery charge.



PHOTO COURTESY THE DOJO

CHOPPER-RESTORATION SHOPS in Middle America

36. ZYLSTRA CHOPPERS

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Zylstra Choppers is a heartland gem for chopper lovers. Founded by Reece Zylstra in 2009, the once modest shop has grown to specialize in shovelheads, frame hard-tailing and repair, welding, fabrication, and machining. Find more of Zylstra's work on Instagram: [@zylstrachoppers](https://www.instagram.com/zylstrachoppers)

37. SNODGRASS VINTAGE PARTS

Louisville, Kentucky

Run by Ivan Snodgrass, this vintage restoration and custom shop rebuilds choppers and sells hard-to-find individual bike parts. Snodgrass posts most of his rarities on his Instagram account, so they can be purchased at the click of a button and shipped right to your door. Check out the selection: [@snodgrass_vintage_parts](https://www.instagram.com/snodgrass_vintage_parts)

38. THE DOJO

Birmingham, Alabama

This custom shop in the heart of Birmingham is run by a bunch of bike-loving friends nicknamed The Haints, who party as hard as they work. It's not the place to get your brakes fixed, but if you want to drink whiskey and blast Lynyrd Skynyrd while you watch your chopper turn into a purring machine, give any of the Haints boys a call. Find out more at [@nickhaints](https://www.instagram.com/nickhaints), [@haint_touch_this](https://www.instagram.com/haint_touch_this), or search #teamhaints

39. JACKSON'S CHOPPERS

Austin, Texas

Jackson's Choppers offers a slew of services, including full bike builds (come with your dream chopper in mind—they'll source the parts and bring your vision to the road), custom fabrication on frames, sissy bars, seat pans, and tank modifications. They also offer electrical, part installation, and mechanical repairs. Find more at jacksonschoppers.com or [@jacksons_choppers](https://www.instagram.com/jacksons_choppers)

40. SLAUGHTER SHACK

St. Louis, Missouri

The Slaughter Shack's motto is simple: Choppers only. If you want your custom chopper to come to life, go see bad boy Kenny Slaughter in the River City. Slaughter is a talented builder who can turn your old bike into the beast it wants to be with his unique, powerful one-off builds. Check out his bikes: [@kennyslaughter](https://www.instagram.com/kennyslaughter)

36

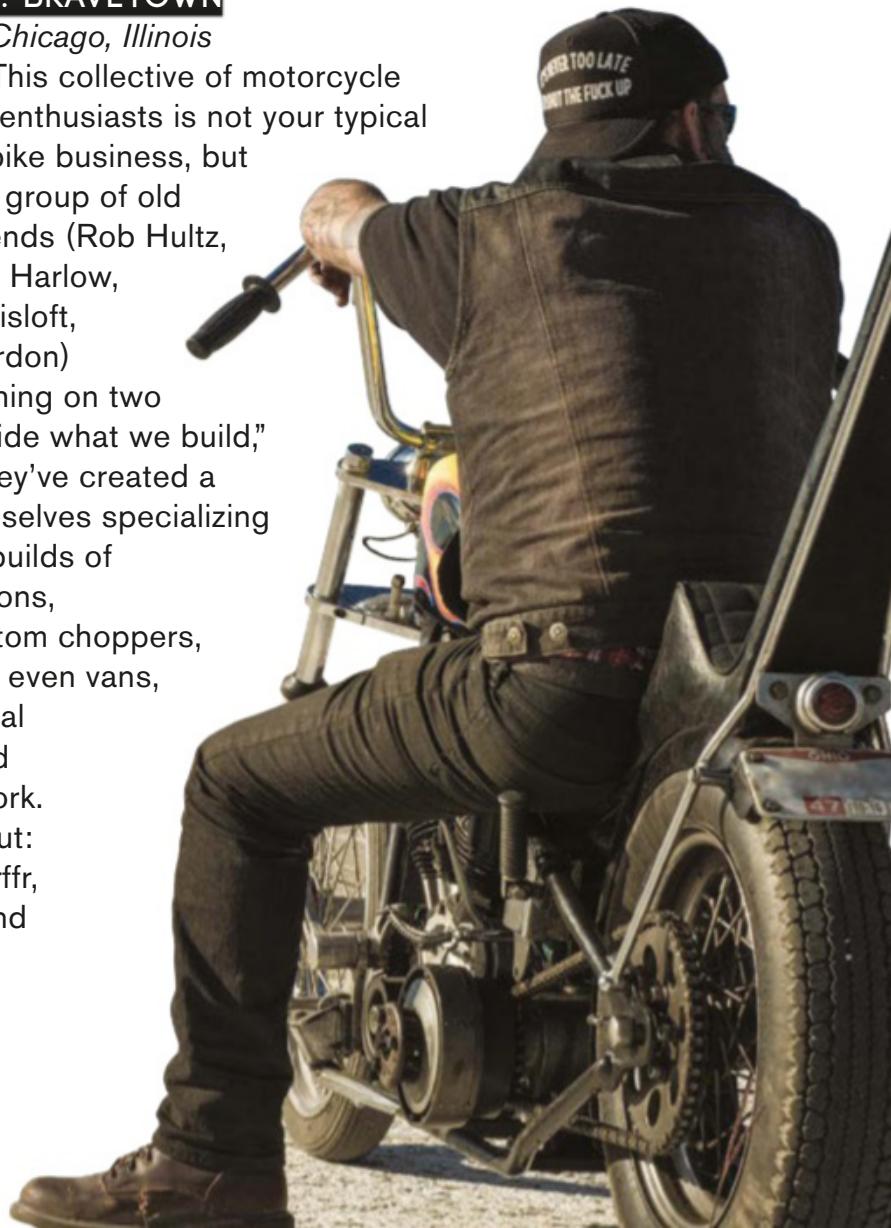


41. BRAVETOWN

Chicago, Illinois

This collective of motorcycle enthusiasts is not your typical bike business, but a group of old friends (Rob Hultz, Brian Harlow, Jason Zeisloft, and Brad Reardon)

who love anything on two wheels. "We ride what we build," says Hultz. They've created a name for themselves specializing in ground-up builds of Harley-Davidsons, Triumphs, custom choppers, dirt bikes, and even vans, as well as metal fabrication and mechanical work. Check them out: [@bobbygt](https://www.instagram.com/bobbygt), [@rffr](https://www.instagram.com/rffr), [@bharlow_](https://www.instagram.com/bharlow_), and [@casualjay](https://www.instagram.com/casualjay)





42

**JANINE LINDEMULDER,
ADULT ICON**

Twitter: @msjaninelinde

What can we say about Janine Lindemulder? Former Penthouse Pet, iconic adult star, cover girl for Blink 182's *Enema of the State*, and all-around bad girl. Janine has started camming again, believe it or not, so be sure to check out her social media. It's no wonder that with her gorgeous face and banging body, she's managed to secure the impossible title of World's Hottest Grandma.



ASHLEY, PENTHOUSE CLUB, NEW ORLEANS

Instagram: [@brooyetti](https://www.instagram.com/brooyetti)

Like what you see? You can find Ashley on the pole at the Penthouse Club in New Orleans, but when she's not hanging upside down like a pretzel, she's populating her YouTube channel with segments like "Tit Talk Tuesday" and "How Thotful." *Zing!*



KRISTY PRICE, PENTHOUSE CLUB, PERTH, AUSTRALIA

Instagram: [@kristy_lee_price](https://www.instagram.com/kristy_lee_price)

Kristy Price makes us question why God even bothered to make other women. As flexible and graceful as she is stunning, we're clicking "like" all over this babe's page. She also took the crown at Miss Nude Western Australia. We're not sure what that is, but it sounds like a shit ton of fun.

STRIP-CLUB Etiquette



45. BRING MONEY

The strip club is not your neighborhood bar, so don't get peeved when the girls approach you. Sure, you're under no obligation to have a dance, but at the very least, bring some greenbacks. And if for some reason you're short on cash, don't fret—PayPal and Venmo are your friends! This also cuts out the typical 20 percent strip-club credit card surcharge. A win for both of you.

46. IF YOU'RE FRONT ROW, PAY FOR THE SHOW

Strip-club etiquette 101: If you're sitting at the stage, expect that the girls will come, shake their groove thing, and pull out their G string for a tip. That is your cue to show some love. If you proceed to just stare and not tip, it's the ultimate insult and, not to mention, lame as fuck.

47. TIME IS MONEY

Keep in mind that clubs charge a house fee. The girls have an overhead the minute they walk in. Sure, we can talk, but we can't sit and hang out with you for hours. This is work time, not playtime. Tipping for conversation is strongly encouraged. And if you want your favorite dancer to yourself all night, get a room, a bottle, and a few hundred bucks.

48. THIS IS NOT A PETTING ZOO

Different cities have different rules regarding what goes down. And the clubs within those cities have their own rules. This also comes down to personal discretion. Remember: It's her body, not yours. You should never take it upon yourself to go to her nether regions unless she makes it clear she wants you to.

49. PAY TO COME

We get that lap dances can induce thunder down under. After all, we want to make sure the blood's circulating properly down there. But if it's so good that you come in your pants and it gets on her, make sure you tip somewhere in the realm of \$50-\$100. At the very least, think of it as a dry-cleaning fee.

50. SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES

Couples can be fun. What's not fun is the insecure girlfriend/wife in the club, not keen on seeing another woman slather herself all over her man. We promise, we're not trying to take him. Just his wallet. Think of a dance as an accelerant. He's going to get hot and bothered and take it out on you at the end of the night.

51. NOT ALL STRIPPERS ARE BROKEN

For most of the girls, dancing is a stepping-stone to a better life—be it college, a down payment on a home, or shattering some debt. The next time you decide to paint them all as "broken" or diagnose them with "daddy issues," think twice. That dance you're paying for might be funding an MBA.

52. PUT YOUR CAMERA AWAY

Strip clubs are akin to casinos as far as photography and video are concerned. Don't forget that most strippers do this in secret. And, honestly, no one wants to be broadcast on your social without their consent.



53. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING LATER?"

After dancing in seven-inch heels all night, we most likely want to soak in a hot tub and go to sleep. No joke—dancing all night gives way to a shitload of issues, from knee problems to bunions. You're not the only one who gets stiff.

54. "IS THAT ALL?"

Look, we get that you're turned on and, yeah, it might be a buzzkill to rub one out in the bathroom after a lap dance. However, we're not banging you. We're dancers, not hookers.



Ten Things She ACTUALLY WANTS IN BED

55. DIRTY TALK

There's a fine line with dirty talk—you have to know your audience. Unfortunately, in today's quick-fix hookup culture, we are intimate with strangers before we know their last names. Women love a little dirty talk but start slowly, maybe with a few vanilla quips, and gauge her reaction before you go full-throttle. And always refrain from any "Daddy" rhetoric unless she initiates it.



56. KISSING IS KEY

Don't forget the art of making out. Kissing can be so sensual and stimulating, so why not enjoy it? There's nothing like a really passionate kiss that goes from tender to tantalizing. Focus on kissing. Women love it.

57. UNWRAP HER

In the heat of the moment, ripping off both party's clothes in a split second can seem like the easiest way to get from A to orgasm, but when it comes to the bedroom, teasing is key. Women want to be unwrapped slowly, like a gift you are trying to savor, not torn open with the crazed greed of a child. Go layer by layer and pay attention to every erogenous zone along the way.

58. WORSHIP HER DURING FOREPLAY

All women love to feel wanted, especially when it seems like you just can't get enough of us. Amplify this feeling during foreplay with a little worship.

We're not talking about kissing our feet and acting like a sniveling sycophant. Just pay careful attention to every part of our body while you make your way across our skin. Taunt and tease us. Just like the Stone Roses, we want to be adored.

59. CONSTANT STIMULATION

Women are complex and their anatomy even more so. However, there's one thing that isn't that complicated—we love clitoral stimulation. Whether you reach around and please us while in doggie-style or zero in when our legs are wrapped around your neck, we'll always be grateful. And don't forget there are so many fabulous toys out there (see the Fin by Dame Products, No. 15) that can do the work for you. We love it when a vibrator is brought into the mix.

60. GET A LITTLE ROUGH

In the throes of some serious passion, we like it when things get a little rough. But again, know your audience. This is something you should suss out with each partner. Nonverbal cues are crucial. Sex is all about the sizzle and being intuitive. Use your common sense and social skills when it comes to stepping up the rumble. Remember, most women who want things rough will usually ask for it if they think you're playing it too vanilla.

61. TEASE THE BACK DOOR

When it comes to back there, no one wants a shocker. However, we love a little stimulation, especially when things get going. A light teasing with your fingers, or even introducing a small vibrating butt plug into the mix is sometimes just enough to send us over the edge.



62. EYE CONTACT

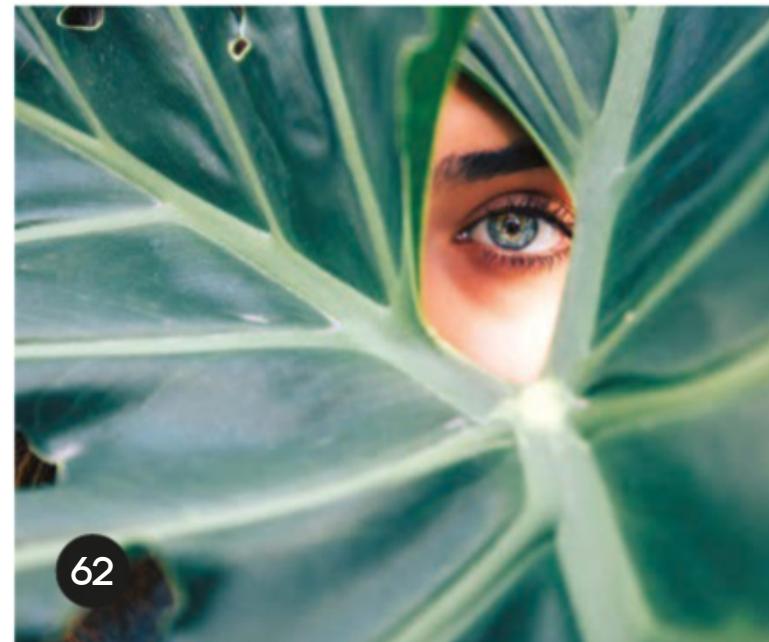
We will never admit it, but catching you in that passionate, I-want-to-fuck-you-forever eye contact while deep in the moment is the cherry on the sex sundae. It's so intimate and intense that we almost can't believe something this perfect isn't being caught on film. Look us in the eyes. We love it.

63. VERBAL ENCOURAGEMENT

Remember in *Chasing Amy* when Banky told Amy a woman should let a guy know how he's doing during oral sex? "You gotta handle it like CNN or the Weather Channel—constant updates." We, like Banky, also need some words of encouragement when we're going down. Let us know when we're blowing your mind, or when something we're doing has you twisted in knots. We want to please you, so hearing you moan is a serious reward.

64. VIBRATOR, PLEASE

Whether we admit it or not, all women love it when a vibrator creeps its way into the mix. Lucky for you, the market is replete with sleek, safe, sexy toys that are both discrete and powerful. So no matter what toy you choose, just be sure to keep that thing fully charged and ready to go.



65



**KARLEY SCIORTINO,
WRITER AND TV HOST**

Instagram: @karleyslutever

Back in the early aughts, sex writer Karley Sciortino was living in a squat in London penning her DIY blog, *Slutever*. Within a few short years, she has risen to Carrie Bradshaw status (if Bradshaw was way more open-minded) with her *Vogue* column and as the host of Viceland's popular series, *Slutever*. She's all over the internet. Look her up.



MARKÉTA SLUKOVÁ,
BEACH
VOLLEYBALL
PLAYER

Instagram: @beach_maki

She may not have an Olympic gold medal to her name yet, but Markéta Sluková is still killing it. She's a three-time FIVB (Fédération Internationale de Volleyball) Beach Volleyball World Tour champion and is already the most successful beach volleyball player in the history of the Czech Republic. And, at 30 years old, she still has plenty of time left to add to her résumé.

67

**MICHELLE WATERSON,
MMA FIGHTER**

Instagram: @karatehottiemma

This model turned mixed martial artist took an unconventional path to stardom. Before landing in the UFC, Waterson fought as a contestant on the Muay Thai-themed reality show *Fight Girls* on the Oxygen network, and later appeared regularly on the MTV reality series *Bully Beatdown*. Since then, the "Karate Hottie" has come a long way, with victories over top-notch talent like Paige VanZant.



Poolside READING

68. THE CODDLING OF THE AMERICAN MIND

How Good Intentions and Bad Ideas Are Setting Up a Generation for Failure

Jonathan Haidt, Greg Lukianoff
Is there a risk to treating children and young adults like Fabergé eggs—or snowflakes ready to melt at the slightest heat? Yes, the authors argue, because overprotection means they won't develop the resilience they'll need in life. Using today's college campus—that bubble of trigger warnings and safe spaces—as Exhibit A, Haidt and Lukianoff expose an entire culture that's too emotional, tribal, dogmatic, and brittle.

69. WHEN

The Scientific Secrets of Perfect Timing

Daniel H. Pink

Want to maximize your time on Earth, starting tomorrow? Pink is here to help with a brilliant series of life-hacks targeting daily schedules and routines. But he doesn't stop there. He also taps a wealth of scientific research to help you pick the right moment to make a big life move—in love, work, and more. And he does it all with great stories and humor.

70. MR. KNOW-IT-ALL

The Tarnished Wisdom of a Filth Elder

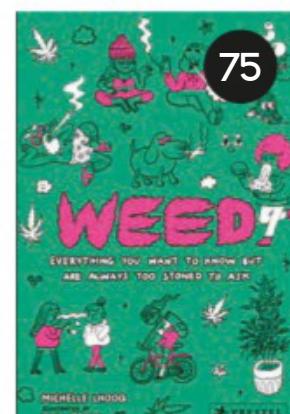
John Waters

Most of us don't have a comic-genius friend who's been making movies for decades, who parties with people like Johnny Depp and Tracey Ullman, and who once hitchhiked across America at age 66 wearing a "Scum of the Earth" ball cap. But we're in luck! Lover of weirdness, connoisseur of crude, John Waters brings us inside his crazy life with a new blast of uncensored storytelling.

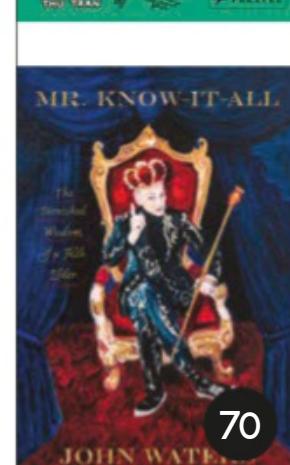
71. SUPERMARKET

Bobby Hall

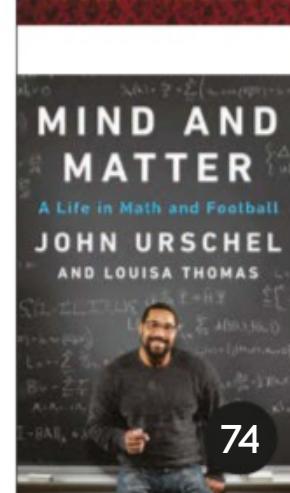
Rapper, singer, and record producer Bobby Hall—aka Logic—has done something that Jay-Z, Eminem, Ice



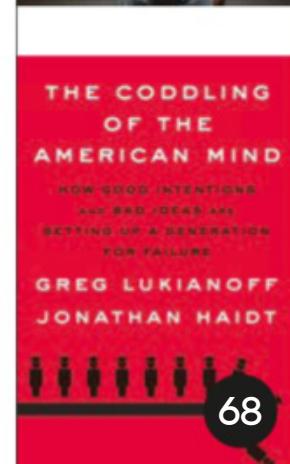
75



70



74



68



71

Cube, Ice-T, Wiz Khalifa, and many other hip-hop artists have never done—write a novel. It's a head-trip psychological thriller, with sex, drugs, and murder, about an Oregon supermarket clerk with a messed-up life. The multitalented Maryland native, now 29, says he wrote it for the challenge. Corpse in aisle nine, anyone?

72. THE RIVER

Peter Heller

What if you and a college buddy were on a canoe trip in northern Canada and paddled your way into a raging wildfire? Then you encounter a guy who might have offed the woman sharing his canoe? And this potential killer turns his attention to you next. That's the premise of this gripping thriller by a former *Outside* magazine editor and world-class kayaker. Think *Deliverance* in the Great White North.

73. RANGE

How Generalists Triumph in a Specialized World

David Epstein

To become elite at something, you have to focus all your time and energy on it, and start young, right? Isn't that what Malcolm Gladwell teaches with his "10,000-hour rule"? Look at Mozart, right? Wrong. So says acclaimed science writer Epstein in a book even Gladwell finds compelling. Epstein demonstrates that success comes to those who gain a range of experiences, learn varied skills, take detours, and even switch careers.

74. MIND AND MATTER

A Life in Math and Football

John Urschel and Louisa Thomas
It sounds like a fanciful Hollywood movie—a lineman for the Baltimore Ravens, formerly one of college football's greatest at Penn State, pursues a mathematics PhD at MIT while earning a living protecting quarterbacks from rampaging rushers. Now retired from the NFL, Urschel shares his incredible

story of pursuing two very different passions—and becoming exceptional in both arenas.

75. WEED

Everything You Want to Know But Are Always Too Stoned to Ask

Michelle Lhooq

L.A.-based Lhooq, a former music editor at VICE, has created a weed wonderland between the pages of her book—the ultimate guide to the exciting new landscape of cannabis. Witty and vivid illustrations from artist Thu Tran complement Lhooq's zesty (and very funny) compendium, which covers smoking, growing, cooking, scoring, edibles, stoner etiquette, and more, and features interviews with weed innovators, celebs, and pros.

76. UNDERLAND

A Deep Time Journey

Robert Macfarlane

A Scottish author, hiker, mountaineer, and Cambridge University scholar, Macfarlane may be the greatest nature writer in English. A wizard of words and story, he delivers a masterpiece here, exploring the dark realms beneath the Earth's surface, from caves to Paris catacombs to deep-sunk repositories for nuclear waste. To accompany his many adventures, he reflects on the "underworlds" of myth, legend, story, and religion.

77. WHITE

Bret Easton Ellis

As you might guess from the title, Ellis, author of *American Psycho*, is here to provoke. No stranger to controversy (*Psycho* depicted ultraviolence and extreme misogyny), Ellis crushes political correctness, social media's "cult of likability," and America's "overreaction epidemic." He advises liberals to moan less about Trump. Progressive Twitter went ballistic months before *White* published. Here's your chance to see what all the fuss was about.

EMILY
RATAJKOWSKI
Instagram: @emrata

Supermodel and influencer, Emily Ratajkowski has 22 million followers on Instagram, and for good reason. Just look at her. It also doesn't hurt that she tends to get naked in an attempt to fight the patriarchy, so it kind of makes us love feminism.

78

79



PAIGE SPIRANAC, GOLFER

Instagram: @_paige.renee

Has golf ever looked this good? Thoughts of the landscape-gobbling game typically conjure images of gangly white guys wearing argyle sweater vests and peach pants. But Paige Spiranac breaks that mold. This curvaceous beauty looks better suited for Mount Olympus than the back nine. Whether it's a trick shot video, an LPGA tournament, or a sizzling photo shoot, Spiranac always brings her A-game.

Essential TRAVEL PRODUCTS

80. URSA MAJOR TRAVEL ESSENTIALS KIT

This travel-size collection will help you get from home to a foreign land feeling refreshed and ready to take on your first day in a new time zone. The multiuse kit includes their Fantastic Face Wash, 4-in-1 Essential Face Tonic, Fortifying Face Balm, Essential Face Wipes, and Hoppin' Fresh Deodorant. There's just enough of each to convince you you'll want them all in greater quantities once you get home from your trip.

81. NEUTROGENA MEN TRIPLE PROTECT FACE LOTION BROAD SPECTRUM SPF 20

Simple, effective, and ultra-moisturizing, this face cream will have you boosted all day and protected against the sun. Neutrogena has been dominating the skincare game for decades because they make affordable, quality products that do the job better than most. We love this face cream, and you will too.

82. HIMS IMMUNITY GUMMY VITAMINS

Keep your immune system fortified with these gummy-bear blasts of vitamin A, E, and K. Pop three a day while on airplanes, subways, and trains to keep other people's nastiness at bay. Plus, the Meyer lemon flavor will make your taste buds happy.



83. J-PILLOW TRAVEL NECK PILLOW

This pillow may look ridiculous, but there's a reason it's been voted the most necessary travel accessory over and over. It's the best on the market, ingeniously crafted for getting you some serious sleep—a slumber that won't leave you with a crick in your neck when you wake. It even provides chin support. You may look like a weirdo with this thing wrapped around your head, but you'll be dead asleep, so who cares?

84. W&P DESIGN CARRY-ON COCKTAIL KIT

The first thing some of us need once we buckle in for a long flight is a stiff drink, but vodka and canned tomato juice does not a Bloody Mary make. The W&P Design Carry-On Cocktail Kit sets you up with all the fixings you'll need to make your favorite cocktail while in flight. Plus, this product is TSA-approved, so there won't be any problem pre-flight. Drink up!

85. BRICKELL MAXIMUM STRENGTH MEN'S HAND CREAM

This fast-absorbing, lightweight, nongreasy hand cream is perfect for the ramblin' man. Nourished with vitamin E, shea butter, and jojoba oil, the unique balm locks in moisture, and comes unscented or scented with peppermint, eucalyptus, and lemongrass essential oils.

86. GOODWIPES BODY WIPES FOR GUYS

During those crazy trips that don't give you time for a five-minute shower, these extra-large wipes have got you covered. They're made with tea tree oil, peppermint, and ginseng, are alcohol- and paraben-free, and 100 percent biodegradable and hypoallergenic. Whether you're mid-meeting, post-fishing, or rushing from CrossFit to dinner, one swipe to your crucial spots is all you'll need.



87. ANTHONY FACIAL SCRUB

This best-selling facial scrub uses Bora Bora white sand to exfoliate dead skin cells and eliminate ingrown hairs. It's also packed with vitamin C, aloe vera, algae, and chamomile to help your face feel smooth and clean. Treat yourself.

88. ROWENTA DR8080 X-CEL STEAM HANDHELD GARMENT STEAMER

On the road, your clothes are bound to get wrinkled no matter how hard you try to prevent it. That's the way it goes. Get ahead of the game with this powerful little portable steamer, whose rapid, impressive steam capacity not only smooths out your garments, but sanitizes them. Just add water, heat it up, and you'll be free of those wrinkles in no time.

89. HERSCHEL NOVEL DUFFLE

Herschel's signature duffle bag has received rave reviews since its inception. This classic carry-on is both stylish and functional with its patterned fabric liner, internal storage sleeves, two-way waterproof zipper, and signature shoe compartment. It's pretty much the perfect weekend bag.

90



**SHANNON MCINTOSH,
AUTO RACER**

Instagram: @shannmcintosh

This girl-next-door beauty has been racing since she was five years old, all the while proving that a woman could successfully compete in a largely male-dominated sport. In 2012, McIntosh was the only female competitor in the US F2000 National Championship and the only American female in "The Road to Indy." There's nothing hotter than pushing boundaries.



SKYLAR
DIGGINS-SMITH,
WNBA PLAYER
Instagram: @skydigg4

This two-time All-American and perennial WNBA all-star led her Notre Dame college team to two consecutive national championship appearances, and in doing so, earned a spot in the nation's collective heart. A heartthrob with a deadly crossover, Diggins-Smith could just as easily play the femme fatale in basketball film noir when she's not breaking defenders' ankles as a point guard for the Dallas Wings.

CLASSIC ALBUMS to Blast All Summer

92. GIRLSCHOOL — HIT AND RUN (1981)

Championed by Lemmy Kilmister of Motörhead, Britain's first all-girl heavy metal band burst onto the rock scene in 1979 when they toured with their mentors on Motörhead's *Overkill* run. Known for their contagious hooks and wild stage presence, Girlschool's *Hit and Run* is the band's biggest, best album, a nonstop rush of pure, heart-thumping rock that makes you want to drive dangerously fast on a freeway heading out of town.

93. NAZARETH — RAZAMANAZ (1973)

Scottish hard rock legends Nazareth broke the mold with their 1975 album *Hair of the Dog*, but the real jam is its predecessor, *Razamanaz*. This baby is nothing less than perfection, from the title track to "Bad Bad Boy" to "Woke Up This Morning" (produced by Deep Purple's Roger Glover). A parade of hits and feel-good rock 'n' roll that keeps you feeling young and stoked.

94. ACE FREHLEY — ACE FREHLEY (1978)

When KISS finally had enough of each other's egos, they all decided to head off and record their own solo albums in a weird, passive-aggressive competition to see who could outsell the other. The Spaceman's album outshone his bandmates, and for good reason. This first solo effort is a total banger. Songs like "Rip It Out," "Snow Blind," and "Wiped-Out" will remind you of the good ol' days of rock 'n' roll, while "New York Groove," written by England's Russ Ballard, is a straight-up summer classic.

95. THIN LIZZY — BAD REPUTATION (1977)

It wouldn't be summer without some Thin Lizzy, and *Bad*

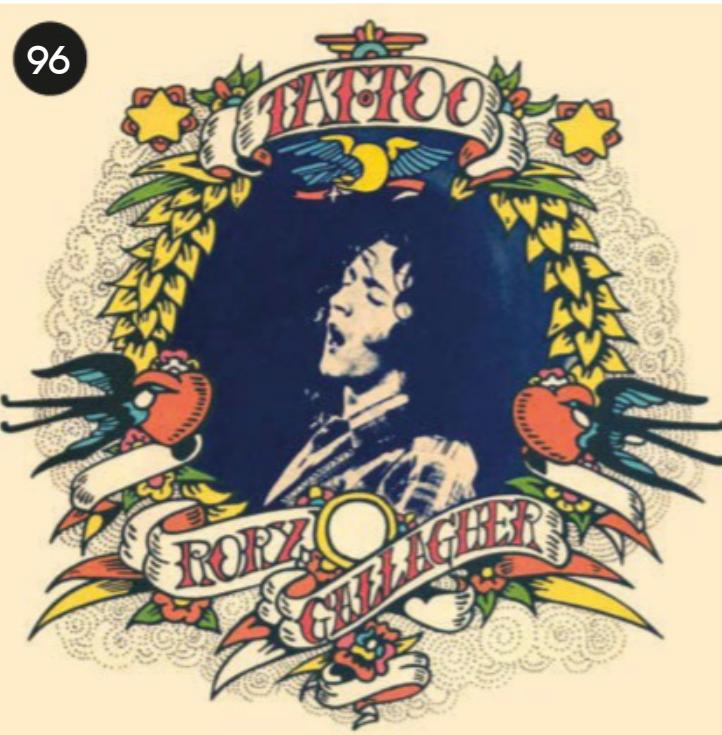
Reputation is one of their most ferocious records. Even though there was a lot of internal drama surrounding the recording process (guitarist Brian Robertson left the band and was only credited on three tracks), this lean, dangerous rock album has stood the test of time. Play it loud, boys.

96. RORY GALLAGHER — TATTOO (1973)

Tattoo is a rare gem of Irish blues delivered by guitarist Rory Gallagher. Jimi Hendrix, Eric Clapton, Queen's Brian May, and Johnny Marr of The Smiths all praised Gallagher for his music, even though he never hit the mainstream the way these musicians did. *Tattoo* will send you into a swirling spiral of blues guitar rock, mixing heavy hitters and soothing tracks perfect for long summer drives.

97. JOHN PRINE — SWEET REVENGE (1973)

This record just makes you want to kick off your boots, lay down by a lake or river, sip on a beer, and let your mind float away. So, do just that. Lose yourself listening to a country-folk classic that juiced Prine's career. Brain pillow, indeed.



98. SILVERHEAD — SILVERHEAD (1972)

A British glam rock band, Silverhead might have had an abbreviated run, but these skinny, raunchy party boys—led by singer-actor Michael Des Barres—made some killer music before parting ways. Their self-titled 1972 release is a hidden treasure of sexy, classic rock, with dirty lyrics and sparkling production. From the first song "Long Legged Lisa" to "Rolling With My Baby" to the stand-out track "Sold Me Down the River," it's no wonder these talented skanks were primed to be the next Slade.

99. DAVID ALLAN COE — PENITENTIARY BLUES (1970)

Before he solidified himself as the swampland's dirtiest country singer, David Allan Coe released *Penitentiary Blues*, a seedy amalgam of country, blues, and rock 'n' roll. This surprising album is a rare collection of twangy blues riffs about the down-and-out days Coe spent locked up in the South. References to heroin, "Monkey David Wine," death row, alligators, and "eating meat with a spoon" all flow into place as this underrated masterpiece chugs through you. "Let's go to the jungle now...."

95

THIN LIZZY





**STORMY DANIELS,
PORN ICON**

Instagram: @thestormydaniels

What hasn't happened to porn star Stormy Daniels in the Trump era? We bet she never thought that shacking up with the Manhattan billionaire at a golf course over a decade ago would have come back to haunt her entire existence.

Since that first *60 Minutes* interview it's been nothing but press, chaos, and craziness for the 40-year-old erotic entertainer. We're just glad she finally untangled herself from that lying shrimp of a lawyer, Michael Avenatti. Keep on swinging, Stormy. We are behind you! 



KITE RIDER

Kiteboarding legend, activist, and entrepreneur Susi Mai is the ocean's greatest champion.

INTERVIEW BY MISH BARBER-WAY

SUSI Mai—professional kiteboarder, environmental activist, and entrepreneur—has spent her life living by the ocean, loving the ocean, and soaring above it.

This German-born daughter of pro windsurfers got to know the Caribbean first, after her family moved to seaside Cabarete in the Dominican Republic. Rebellious as a girl, Mai turned her nose up at windsurfing because that's what her father did when he wasn't running a B&B with Mai's mom.

A fluent speaker of Spanish, German, and English, Mai was a teenage beach bum, with a perpetual sprinkling of sand in her blonde hair. It wasn't until she was getting ready for college that she discovered the sport that would catapult her to fame.

"It was the early 2000s. I remember there was this French guy kiteboarding on the beach," she tells *Penthouse* by phone from

awesome nature. You're flying like a bird over water. You're weightless. Airborne. At the same time, you're getting this great full-body workout."

Mai says the opportunity to compete fell into her lap. She got a wild card pass to enter the 2003 Kiteboarding World Cup, held in her Cabarete hometown. She snagged the silver medal, with world champion Cindy Mosey of New Zealand winning gold.

With a surge of confidence and a growing reputation for executing daring, sky-high tricks, Mai went on to win Red Bull's "King of the Air" competition in 2003, 2004, and 2005. Just like that, she found herself a sponsored tour athlete, competing, training, and performing nonstop in what she now calls a "hamster wheel" for six years.

But ultimately, knee injuries, three surgeries, and post-op bedrest forced Mai to look beyond the world of kiteboarding competition. "My injuries were downers, but

"KITEBOARDING FOOLS YOU WITH HOW FUN IT IS. IT'S ABOUT FEELING IN CONTROL OF SOME AWESOME NATURE. YOU'RE FLYING LIKE A BIRD OVER WATER. YOU'RE WEIGHTLESS. AIRBORNE. AT THE SAME TIME, YOU'RE GETTING THIS GREAT FULL-BODY WORKOUT."

her home in Hawaii. "He was flying through the air. I immediately saw this as windsurfing, but lighter, better, and much cooler."

Mai says the way kiteboarding harnesses the wind, plus the sport's risk, is what appealed to her, and she began riding with boys on the beach. She had no idea of her skill level or how she compared to other female riders. And she didn't care. She fell in love with the sport.

"Kiteboarding fools you with how fun it is," she says. "It's about feeling in control of some

they taught me something," she recalls. "It's a very strange feeling to have your entire existence taken away."

After her first injury, Mai devoted herself to designing a kiteboarding line specifically for girls, called Siren Series by Susi Mai, with financial backing from her then-sponsor, Cabrinha. "I was literally designing kites from my hospital bed," Mai laughs.

But it was earlier, in 2006, when she met venture capitalist Bill Tai, a former computer-chip designer. Kiteboarding had just taken off



with Silicon Valley types, including Google founders Sergey Brin and Larry Page. Tai had kiteboarding friends coming to Hawaii and needed a teacher.

"There's a lot of common ground between someone who can start their own company and someone who can kiteboard," Mai explains. "You have to be able to do ten things at once and take risks. Also, kiteboarding is inherently geeky, when you get down to the aerodynamics of it. Brainy people love it."

Legend has it that Tai emailed her saying, "Hey Susi, together our names spell MaiTai. We need to do something on it!" The two got together and formed a Hawaii-based event, MaiTai, that gathered kiteboard-loving executives at Twitter, Facebook, Google, and other tech firms for hands-on instruction from pros like Mai and her friends.

The exclusive event also featured top athletes, investors, and innovators who shared an addiction to high-risk thrills. When not in the water, these people cooked up new deals and raised funds for ventures like the big-data company Treasure Data, and the app Voxer. They also organized ocean-conservation initiatives such as shark-tagging.

"There was a great synergy between these two groups of people that made a lot of sense," Mai remembers. Soon, other money-men who loved kiteboarding were knocking on Mai's door, including Virgin Group founder Richard Branson.

"I basically became the informal kite caddy for the Branson family," Mai jokes, adding that the whole clan is filled with risk-takers who love the challenge and adrenaline rush of kiteboarding. "It was my job to make sure they all stayed alive."

After a ten-year run, MaiTai is giving way to new ventures and collaborations. Mai's latest endeavor, The Ocean Summit, organized with marine conservationist Jeremy McKane, gathers a diverse group of scientists, policymakers, tech investors, athletes, and artists who share a passion for ocean conservation and environmental activism. The location is Branson's Necker Island, where they all brainstorm on how to help protect the ocean.

As kiteboarding continues to grow in popularity, Mai hopes her crossover work with tech titans and ocean conservationists will make a difference in the world while enhancing the sport she adores. Laughing, she says, "For the first five or six years of my career, I was just explaining to people what kiteboarding actually was. They thought I filled my kite with helium. Maybe we didn't quite become the next golf, but our community has made a difference."











TH

SHAKING UP THE ART WORLD

Master printmaker Tom Hück delivers headbanging visions.

INTERVIEW BY SETH FERRANTI

FOR more than two decades now, some of the most twisted, hilarious, shocking, satiric, brilliant, and original American art has been produced by a stocky, tattooed guy in St. Louis, Missouri, called Tom Hück. Much of that work—small-batch prints made from large woodcuts—began life in a studio and print shop just north of downtown in a neighborhood of brick-built former factories that got pretty gritty for a while but has bounced back recently, attracting artists, small startups, craft brewers, and the like.

Head to a certain stretch of Washington Street and you'll see a storefront sharing a two-story building with Bootleggin' BBQ. Across the broad street, the kind with diagonal parking, is the Brick River Cider company. As for that modest storefront, its window is home to a poster reading, "TOM HÜCK'S EVIL PRINTS: ST. LOUIS." It's got red and black lettering, with a logo of a grinning, googly-eyed devil. "FINE ART PRINTMAKING: PRINT OR DIE," reads another poster. If that doesn't get your attention, maybe the one carrying the print shop's slogan—"DISGUSTING THE MASSES SINCE 1995"—does the trick.

Inside, the red and black color scheme continues. Young tattooed assistants dressed in black T-shirts stand at work tables, getting prints made. You can smell ink, paper, and oil. A monstrous piece of machinery—Hück's custom-made printer—sits at the heart of the space. And startling woodcut prints, some as tall as eight feet, grace the walls. Every square inch of these illustrations is filled with detail, figures crowded into frame. There's violence, sex, rural people behaving badly. I see weird bugs, demons, skulls. A KKK hood. A bare-breasted woman in bondage. But the vibe's not exactly grim. There's dark comedy.

There's social satire, directed at inequalities and social oppression. Bodies and faces are stylized, features

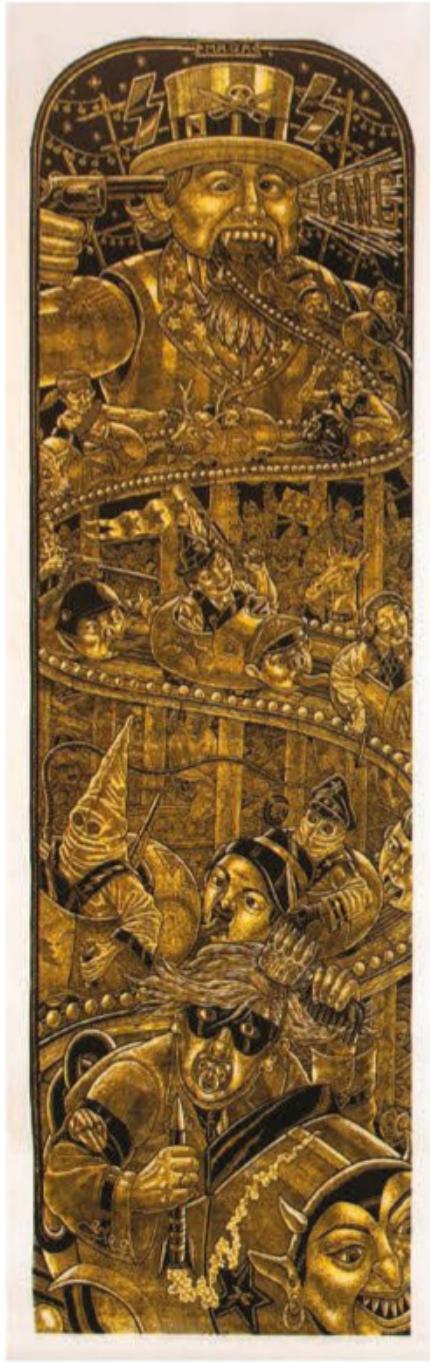
exaggerated, like in the id-powered cartoons of Robert Crumb.

And as in the medieval paintings of Holland's Pieter Bruegel, or the work of eighteenth-century English satirist William Hogarth—two artists critics cite when discussing Hück's prints—the imagery seems to capture stories in progress, with subplots and mini-dramas unfolding in the intricate details.

The effect of viewing multiple Hück prints at once is potent—like a boot to the gut. The print shop has a rebellious, underground feel, almost like a punk rock club. I see posters for thunderous bands like the Misfits and Motörhead on the walls. And then I meet Tom Hück himself, a bulldog of a man, 47, dressed in a black shirt and black jeans. With his Van Dyke beard and mustache, bald head, and sleeves of tattoos, he could pass for a Hells Angels biker, or an Iron Maiden roadie. But he's warm, funny, and talkative.

Hück works primarily in woodcuts, ingeniously updating a painstaking, pre-modern form. He spends months into years on his bigger creations, if you count the composition time along with the carving. He often uses four-by-eight-foot plywood sheets. A world-renowned artist, Hück's work has exhibited at New York's Whitney Museum of American Art, the Minneapolis Institute of Art, Harvard University's Fogg Museum, and other prestigious venues. The Whitney owns a work titled *Chili Dogs, Chicks, and Monster Trucks*. Other Hück works are *Up Dung Creek*, *The Transformation of Brandy Baghead*, and *Hillbilly Kama Sutra*. Currently he's spending time in Aberdeen, Scotland, on a two-year residency. While abroad, he's creating an epic three-panel woodcut called *A Monkey Mountain Chronicle: The Great American Turdburger Conspiracy*.

The residency's press release promises a work about "bad health care, conspiracy theories, fast food and fat America, and the coming, resulting apocalypse!"



Who are your artistic heroes?

Albrecht Dürer, that's my hero. I found his work when I was 13 on a trip to Europe with my grandparents. I went to the Sistine Chapel and there was a gallery and they had all of Dürer's apocalypse woodcuts. That's a powerful thing to see when you're 13. Those prints are dark and lurid. The horrors of Babylon nights—dragons, demons, devils. Any one of those prints by Dürer could have been a fucking album cover for Iron Maiden. Dürer was born in 1471, I was born in 1971. He was famous in the Middle Ages for his prints.

I mean, you're talking a long time ago and this guy's still relevant today. To me, and to most people who make prints, he sets the high bar for the craft and the medium. The way he synthesized his talent and his imagination, plus the fact that he could reach so many people with his graphic work. He was a smart cat. He figured out, Hey, I can make prints of originals to reach lots of people. I can get famous and make money. I can make copies of my stuff, printing with woodcuts and ink. I can have my stuff in multiple places at once, all over Europe.

How'd Evil Prints come about?

It started, what, 24 years ago? I can't believe I've been able to make this thing survive for almost a quarter-century. I was 22, and came up with Evil Prints because, in the art world, for the longest time, printmaking had been associated with huge, famous shops—Tyler Graphics, Graphic Studio, Crown Point Press, Landfall Press. They would publish blue-chip artist prints.

They were big, prestigious shops, and here I was, setting out to be a self-publisher.

I was making my own prints—there were only a few of us doing that. Richard Mock was one. Another was Bill Fick. He started this thing called Cockeyed Press. He'd do linoleum cuts, not woodcuts. These crazy monsters with really cool, dark imagery. They had social commentary about gang violence and politics. He'd make posters of these things, not prints, and they'd have slogans. He'd mail them to print shops across the country. People would get this badass poster and they'd be like, "Look at that." They'd stick it up on a wall. And they'd get to know the work. The posters would say, "Published by Cockeyed Press, New York, New York." I saw one and figured Cockeyed Press was major, like Graphic Studio or Tyler. Bill became my one of heroes. I even went out to visit him in New York.

So I go to Cockeyed Press and it's a closet. I thought it was this big shop with assistants, people helping him, his elves. It was just Bill sleeping on a foam cushion underneath his press, in a closet in New York. I was like, *Okay, I get it.* It showed me the way. You could come up with a name and do it yourself. Evil Prints began in my parents' basement. I didn't even have a press. But I had a name. That's how I started to compete with these big shops. This was 1995, before the internet took off.

I'd put a card out in the mail every three months with one of my images and the line, "Published by Evil Prints, St. Louis, Missouri." People thought it was this big-time print shop. But it was my folks' basement. Most people who do printmaking teach at universities. They use the university's equipment, because this stuff is expensive.

I used to teach, but I don't anymore. I left teaching a decade ago. Over time, I just built up piece after piece of equipment, paying cash for it, and I've always had my own independent shop.

When you first meet someone, how do you describe what you do?

I want to be the Ozzy Osbourne of the art world—an American print warlord. It's difficult, because the general population doesn't know much about art. When you tell them you're a printmaker, they don't know what that is. I end up just saying I do drawings about how fucked-up we are as a society, and make copies of the drawings. People need to see the stuff. They get it after they see a print being made. When they see you carve it, ink it, and then run it through a printmaking press, they get it. A

How'd you get your work in museums?

When I started out, I was going around pitching my prints directly to museums—doing cold calls—which was unheard of. I got lucky, and sold to two really big museums right away. Before my work had even been seen by the public, Harvard's Fogg and the New York Public Library bought from me. The Whitney came later, in 2000. Any bit of money that I can make off my work is a lot of fucking money. I've never lost sight of that. Over time, the more things sold, with the work getting known, the bigger it got. The more expensive it got.

When we were out on the road with the Outlaw Printmakers, we were tabling prints in rock clubs. Kids were coming up to my table and saying how much they loved my work, but said I didn't have anything they could afford. That's when I started making

"WHEN PEOPLE SEE MY STUFF, THEY'RE LIKE, WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON HERE? THEY RUN AWAY FROM IT IN A WAY, BUT THEY'RE ALWAYS DRAWN BACK IN BECAUSE THEY'RE ENTERTAINED."

lot of people did some of that stuff in high school, with pieces of linoleum and even rubber-stamp printmaking.

My work mixes the whimsical and the terrifying. I want to ride a line between these two things. It's a balance between the two—that's what my heroes did. All the artists and musicians I love, they work this line, this balance. As far as being underground, I always say that printmaking in general is frowned upon by the art world. Hardly anybody knows anything about it, so we got that on our side in terms of punk rock credibility. When somebody doesn't give a shit about what you're doing, you can really sneak up on people.

affordable prints. Stuff under \$10 that I can crank out really fast. I print a lot of them. I do \$10 prints, I do \$25,000 prints, everything in between. Starting this fall, I'll have a whole new body of affordable prints called *Apocalyptic Pets*. Adopt one, take one home. For ten bucks, you can get a print.

New York Print Week, every October, is big, and I'm fortunate enough to have a dealer like C.G. Boerner representing my work. It gives you visibility—a platform to be seen by the right people. If I hadn't sold to museums right away, I don't know if I'd still be here doing this. The business of art sucks, but I'm lucky being able to do museum-level stuff. I won't bullshit, it's something you





think about when you're a kid. Being in a museum. In my case, I make art that I want to look at. But I'm fortunate, because I know at a certain level if my stuff's going to a museum, it's going to live on a bit after I'm gone.

How'd you make *Electric Baloneyland*, from 2017?

Typically a print like that, they're big triptychs. Three panels. That set took four years to do, and I was working every day on it. I also worked on small stuff. During the day, I go back and forth between projects. I've got to have small prints coming out all the time to fucking pay the bills. But larger things, they're very mental, very physical. They take a long time to plan, a long time to do. I'm not one of these artists that just cranks something out. I think about stuff, and plan things out in my sketchbook a long time in advance. Woodcuts take a long time. In a way, the slowness of the project as I move it along allows me to get ideas for what I'm going to do next.

When people see my stuff, they're like, What the fuck is going on here? They run away from it in a way, but they're always drawn back in because they're entertained. There's a lot of craziness and repulsiveness you've got to deal with. I want people to come back to my work. I want them to be a bit horrified, but intrigued. I'm trying to take dark, lurid, terrible things, and make them beautiful from a craft perspective. That way I can get my point across—what I'm trying to say as an artist, a commentator on society's ills. Again, it's a balance. I've got a bit of the higher-brow stuff going on, too, which is the way it should be, if you're making stuff that matters. But I want to get my stuff out to everybody.

Some of the biggest-name artists were printmakers, right?

Yeah, artists everybody knows—Picasso, Rembrandt, Matisse. They all made prints. Part of it was economic. It's extra money. Prints aren't as expensive as paintings, so it's a common thing for artists of every caliber and level to engage in making them. Picasso was one of the most badass printmakers who ever lived. Rembrandt might be number two, along with Dürer. Goya's a famous painter who's also known for his prints. The German expressionists—Egon Schiele, Oskar Kokoschka—they all made prints.

They wanted to reach a lot of people with very emotional, content-filled imagery. Quick Picasso story. When I was in kindergarten, we watched film strips. Actual film, on a reel. There was one with Picasso painting a bull on a piece of glass, but he was looking at us, the viewers, through the glass. He didn't even look at what he was drawing. He was smiling, painting the bull. I was like, That guy is a badass! I want to be like that guy.

Can you tell us what Woodcut Bootcamp is? It sounds wild.

It started in 2006 as a way of making money in the summer, which is usually a terrible time for sales. Basically, it's a ten-day intensive workshop where people come to study with me and I teach them how I make big woodcuts. They make one large woodcut print themselves. Usually about 15 people are all working and sleeping in my shop. It gets pretty smelly. It's nonstop art-making. They're all pretty beat by the end, but I guess it's my way of keeping the woodcut tradition and practice alive by passing it on to other artists. They come from all over the world now!

During the workshop, I teach art-historical background, sketchbook and drawing approaches, and complex carving techniques. We also show them how to print these big damn blocks by hand or on a press. Woodcut Bootcamp now sells out every year and it's become a sort of tradition out there in the world of printmaking. Those that survive it get a Dürer tattoo at the end. Almost like joining a cult!

Can you tell us about any new projects?

I've got the follow-up to *Electric Baloneyland, A Monkey Mountain Chronicle*. It's about gluttony. Not necessarily or specifically American. I mean gluttony in terms of overindulgence in religion, food, politics. Overindulgence in sex, which I'm all for. It's about over-the-top conspiracy thinking, overindulgence in bullshit. Nice, uplifting stuff.

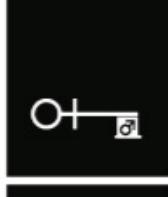
It's going to be a triptych on paper that actually folds up like an object. It's big, and there's a front, a back, and side panels. You'll walk around it in a room. It'll be displayed like an artifact. I'm working with Peacock Visual Arts in Aberdeen, Scotland, on it.

I'm also working on a smaller print set called *The Four Seasons*, which is all about global warming. I just finished *Summer*. It's giant mosquitoes attacking fat people on a beach. *Winter* is a giant snow-cone tornado with lightning. *Spring* is going to be a plant basically strangling people with allergies. The fourth one, *Fall*, is going to be a Halloween/witch thing. I'm also doing an NRA beauty-pageant piece for Landfall Press. And *The Tommy Peepers* is a triptych about the first time I saw breasts in real life.

It was June 15, 1983. About 1:30 in the afternoon at the local pool. Stephanie, the gorgeous lifeguard, dives in to cool off and the moment she hits the water her top comes down for a split second. I almost drowned. She was a senior in high school, I was in fourth grade. I was underwater, in the shallow end, with a snorkel and goggles on. I had a clear view of what happened. It was like something that was only there for me to see. It was fantastic enough that I'm still obsessed with it decades later. 

Seth Ferranti is a former federal prisoner whose writings have been featured on VICE, Don Diva, and Gorilla Convict. He's also the author of the crime series Street Legends, and the comic series Crime Comix.





STOCKS & BONDAGE

NSFW SCHOOLGIRL

BY JENNY NORDBAK

HAD been begging my boyfriend to act out a schoolgirl fantasy with me for weeks, but he'd been resistant. He hadn't flat-out told me I was a perv and that it was weird, but he made me feel that way by brushing off my suggestions and acting like I wasn't really serious about it.

So I had to take desperate measures.

I decided to send him a sex tape that would serve as proof that what I wanted us to do was hot—but also play into the fantasy itself.

To record my solo teaser video, I put on the schoolgirl outfit of my dreams: black patent leather heels, white knee socks and matching white cotton panties, a thigh-length plaid skirt, and a white button-down blouse with no bra underneath so my nipples were discernable. I pulled my long, dark hair into a high ponytail and opted not to wear makeup. It made me feel naughty and wanton every time I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror.

I set up my phone to record and said, "Hi, Principal Perkins. It's Cassandra O'Neill. I know I have detention with you tomorrow, but I was hoping I could get out of it if I sent you this present because I really, really want to go to the football game tomorrow. You stare at my perky little tits every time I walk past, so maybe you'd like to see them?"

I got closer to the camera and showed off my nipples through the fabric, pinching and rolling them to turn them into hard buds. Next, I sat on a chair, spreading my legs and flipping my skirt up to show off my innocent-looking white panties.

"If I show you what it's like when I come, will you let me skip detention?" I asked the camera, sticking a finger into my mouth before sliding it down into the crotch of my panties. My pussy was hot and wet already, so it didn't take long for me to rub my clit until I came, unashamedly moaning.

I ended the video by stepping away from the camera, turning around, bending over, and sliding my panties to the side so he could see how wet my pussy was.

I stopped recording and hit send before I could chicken out.

Minutes later, I got a reply from my boyfriend that said, "Fuck, Cassie—you could've warned me that it was NSFW! Now I'm in the bathroom at the office with a hard-on."

I replied, "Come home and punish me, Principal Perkins. My pussy's wet and desperate for you."

I fully expected him to say no, but instead he responded with, "You better be bent over and waiting when I get there in 15 minutes."

This hadn't been my plan, but it was so much more exciting that it was spur-of-the-moment, and he seemed really into it. I debated what I should use to lean on while bent over, and decided on the arm of the couch, since it was the right height.

I was so turned on as I waited for him to get home I couldn't help rubbing my clit again, keeping myself on the brink of another orgasm but never quite allowing it to happen.

Fifteen minutes later, my boyfriend came storming into the house, marched straight over to me, and flipped my skirt up over my ass. Then, he reached under me and pulled the sides of my shirt open, exposing my tits before pinching my nipples hard enough to make me squirm.

"You're a filthy girl, sending your principal dirty videos," he scolded. "Next time you decide to ask for a favor, you better not be a tease."

He slid his fingers under the elastic of my panties and thrust them hard into my slick pussy, pumping a few times as he said, "Next time, you better show me this pussy as you come, slut."

He yanked my panties down, but left them around my knees. We had a standard safe word we used and had done plenty of spanking in the past, so there was no further discussion before he brought his hand down hard on my ass cheek in a delicious stinging blow. I cried out in a mix of pain and excitement.

"Now, tell me you won't tease your principal again."

He spanked me several more times before I squealed, "I'm sorry, Principal Perkins! I won't tease you again! Next time I'll show you this pussy!"

"No," he said sternly, pulling his dick out of his pants. "Next time you won't just show me this pussy. You'll give it to me."

The head of his hard dick pressed against me, spreading my cunt open as he thrust it inside, getting deeper with each stroke and making me groan at how good it felt.

I gripped the couch as he pounded into me, his fist wrapped around my ponytail, tugging it to make me arch my back and raise my ass up more for him. His hips slapped against my ass as he fucked me even harder, the fingers of his other hand



digging into the soft flesh of one hip. I knew I would be bruised from his grip, and that only turned me on more.

He pulled out and used my ponytail to force me down to my knees, those soaked panties still wrapped around my ankles.

"Touch yourself," he commanded. "I want to see you come before I do."

I instantly obeyed, feeling like the slightest pressure on my clit would push me over the edge. I rubbed it in rapid circles, watching him jack off directly in front of me. I threw my head back and climaxed just as he did, his hot come shooting onto my tits and face.

"I have to go back to work," he said, wiping the tip of his dick on my hair. "You better be cleaned up and ready for detention by the time I get home, young lady. Don't you dare get yourself off again before I get here."

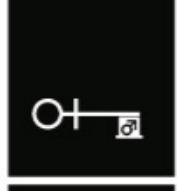
He left without saying another word, making me wait for hours to see what he would do next.

My video had worked even better than I'd expected. 

Jenny Nordbak is a retired dominatrix and author of "The Scarlett Letters: My Secret Year of Men in an L.A. Dungeon."



PHOTO: GRSI / SHUTTERSTOCK



On the Road

ONE June weekend, my boyfriend and I decided to head out of the city. We wanted some nature. We wanted mountains, gorges, waterfalls, and other natural wonders you could only reach after hiking. We wanted boondocks, and boondocks is what we got. And that was before we even got to our destination.

During the last part of a four-hour drive, we barely saw another car on the winding, one-lane highway. It was beautiful, I have to say. But after a while, there are only so many wooded hills, lush meadows, and grazing cows that a girl can look at.

Getting a little restless, I also realized I was getting a little horny. I looked over at my boyfriend, who was sporting his adorable "I'm so happy to be traveling" smile. And suddenly I knew exactly how I wanted to spend the rest of our ride up into the hills.

I unbuckled my seatbelt and scooted over the center console until my body pressed against Luke, who was dressed in a T-shirt and jeans. I brushed my fingers over his right thigh. Then I moved my hand to his crotch and began working the zipper to his pants.

"What are you doing?" he asked with a laugh.

I thought it was pretty obvious what I was doing. Rather than respond in words, I decided to show him by unzipping his jeans, slipping my hand inside, and roaming my fingers over Luke's bulge in search of the slit on his boxers that would grant me access to his cock. When I found the opening, my fingers traveled inside and caressed his growing erection.

Without much room to maneuver inside his jeans, my hand had to do a little work to liberate his cock through the fly of his boxers. Once I had it free, I issued a cry of victory.

"Yes!" I exclaimed.

A bead of pre-come had already settled on the crown of my boyfriend's cock. I dropped my head and licked it up, savoring his salty taste.

Luke's whole frame reacted and he breathed in deep, then sighed in pleasure, when my tongue reached his dick. Have I mentioned I love how sensitive his body is?

Instead of taking his cock into my mouth all at once, I decided to slowly drive him wild. I lowered my lips to the base of his dick and kissed it, then used the tip of my tongue to trace around his shaft. Because of our positioning, I couldn't lick him in one continuous circle, so I worked in half-moon arcs, retracing my path to trail around to the other side.

After I'd completely mapped an area around Luke's cock, I moved my tongue upward, pressing against the vein that bisected his shaft, and plotted a path to its crown. The car briefly veered as my tongue reached the head of his erection.

When that swerve happened, I gave his cock a brief break, lifting my head. I didn't want him to drive off the road just because I was in the mood to suck his dick.

Oddly, Luke didn't seem to appreciate me putting safety first. He wound his fingers through my long hair and directed my head back to his crotch, lifting his hips a tiny bit

to help his cock find my mouth.

I relaxed my jaw, allowing my mouth to widen so that I could take more of Luke's dick. I made it about halfway down his shaft before the head hit the top of my throat, forcing me to pull back just a bit.

Of course, there was one way I could still caress his dick and keep myself from gagging too hard. So I made a fist around the base of Luke's cock and gave it a light squeeze, then I started moving my hand in tandem with my mouth.

"Oh God," I heard him groan above me.

His hips lifted up again, driving his cock deeper down my throat. My eyes began to water as his dick plunged, but nothing could deter me.

With Luke moving his hips in pleasure, his unzipped jeans slipped further down his thighs, and now his balls were easier to get at. His boxers remained in place, though.

Knowing that even with that barrier of fabric his balls would be sensitive, I lightly stroked my fingernails over his sack. The car slightly swerved. Luke corrected it, then thrust his cock deep into my mouth. Fully in the moment now, I slid my mouth up and down as he bucked his hips.

Even the gentle bumps and ruts of the road were part of the process, bouncing his dick deeper. At one point, we hit a stretch of road paved with stone, making for a rougher ride. Luke managed to keep the car on track while I kept sucking. Not having to move my head as much, letting the road do the work, gave me more freedom to lavish Luke's cock with my tongue.

I opened my mouth wider, exchanging suction for being able to drag the tip of my tongue along that oh-so-sensitive vein that runs along the underside of his penis. Then I swirled it around his shaft, spiraling from top to bottom. Luke liked that. His fingers threaded into my hair again, taking control of my head's motion.

Moments later, we reached a smoother stretch of road. He did something above me and then shifted his feet, as though bracing himself on the floor of the footwell. The car made a revving sound, which is when I realized he'd initiated the cruise-control option.

Now that he was free to plant his feet without worrying about the car's gas

As we drove on, I used one hand to pump Luke's cock into my mouth while the other hand stroked his balls.

pedal, he took the reins completely. He wanted me to alternate between sucking up and down his shaft and lingering on his cock's crown with my tongue.

I relaxed my neck and followed the guidance he was giving through his body's movements and his hand on my head. When he raised my head up, my lips only covered his crown, and I licked the sensitive flesh, which was slick with more pre-come.

With my warm, wet mouth coated in his lubricant, it slid up and down his shaft easily, and his hand let me know that's what his cock wanted.

Suddenly, Luke let go of my hair, and as my head sagged down, his impossibly hard cock bumped the back of my throat again. I gripped the taut muscles of his

right thigh, steady myself. Then, as we headed up a hill, I gripped the base of his cock again. His body tensed, and he sighed.

Once I found a comfortable, effective position, I started moving my mouth and fist in tandem again. My lips and fingers slid along the hot skin of his dick. I pumped him into my mouth, purring with pleasure myself now, loving the way I was driving him crazy.

His hips began to twist and buck, his body straining against his seatbelt. The closer I brought him to orgasm, the more the car made tiny, quickly corrected swerves.

By now, after all Luke's shifting around, his boxers had ridden up his thighs and I seized the opportunity to slide my free

hand under the hem of the shorts and caress his balls.

His thighs stiffened and he arched his back at the touch of my other hand. I hummed my approval, making my mouth vibrate over his dick.

And so, as we drove on, I used one hand to pump Luke's cock into my mouth while the other hand stroked his balls. I gathered them and cradled them in my palm, stroking my thumb over the thin, sensitive skin.

“Fuck, Jessica!”

Luke's groan echoed through our speeding hatchback. His hips rose off the seat, driving his cock deep inside my mouth. His balls were hot and tight under my touch.

Eager to make him explode in my throat, I increased the speed of my licking and touching. I twisted my fist and swirled my tongue as I pistoned his cock into my mouth. I slid my curled fingers along Luke's slick shaft and tongued the head of his dick, exploring with my wet tongue all the way around. I then licked all the way down his shaft and back up, ultimately tracing the little hole on top that would shoot his come down my throat.

Suddenly, Luke's ass came up off the driver's seat, and his back arched. One of his hands landed in my hair, twisting the strands, and a split second later, come jetted from his cock, hot at the back of my throat. Luke moaned loudly, and the car briefly veered one last time.

Holding my head steady, my boyfriend continued to thrust his cock into my mouth. His come filled my mouth and I swallowed it, then licked whatever escaped from my lips.

Abruptly, the car came to a quick stop. Thinking we'd pulled over into a private spot, I didn't bother to wipe my mouth before lifting my head from Luke's lap.

Sitting up, I immediately made eye contact with a woman in a pickup truck parked next to us. Feeling bold, I held her gaze as I swiped my tongue over my lips, then smiled. I could still feel her eyes on me when I turned to tuck Luke's cock back in his jeans.

A half hour later, on our first hike in the state park we'd be exploring for the next couple days, we actually came upon the woman who spied us earlier. She'd stopped to drink from her water bottle.

I just smiled at her again, then at Luke, and we walked past her on up the trail.

—Jessica R., Hartford, Connecticut





Beer and Bliss

A*S an American who likes beer, I thought I'd landed in heaven after moving to Sheffield, England. The real ale culture there is intense, and it seemed like there was a pub on every street corner.* 



PHOTO: SERHII YURKIV / SHUTTERSTOCK

English beer is different from American beer in a few ways. The temperature is higher—cellar-cool, rather than artificially chilled—and the pints are larger: 20 fluid ounces, rather than 16. The ABV—alcohol by volume—is smaller to compensate, but that also means you get a wider range of flavor and style. Basically, the moment I sipped my first proper British pint, I was obsessed.

England also has a lot of beer festivals, and CAMRA—the Campaign for Real Ale—is an organization that sponsors many ale-related events. I bought a membership, attended a few dull meetings, then focused on drinking my way to enlightenment. I became a regular at my local pub and started branching out into regional events.

I'd always assumed that drinking excessive amounts of beer wasn't great for meeting women, but there were plenty of hot beer enthusiasts at all the pubs.

My favorite was Claire, the bartender at my local pub. She was young, hot, and witty, with brown hair, a gorgeous smile, and a fascinatingly distinct Blackpool accent. We spent a lot of nights shooting the shit, and as the months passed, I

developed a serious crush on her.

The vibe between us had always been flirty, but I knew better than to assume bartenders are actually flirting, rather than just being friendly. I kept talking to her anyway, hoping that someday she might be into me.

One night, after we'd been talking about the merits of British beer, she leaned in with a conspiratorial grin. "Want to go to a real ale festival with me?" she asked.

There was only one answer I could give to that question. "Hell yes."

A week later, we ended up meeting outside the pub so we could walk to the train station together. The festival was in Manchester, and the entire way there, I kept thinking about her eyes, her mouth, and, frankly, her phenomenal body. Claire was this American's British fantasy come to life.

Once we actually got to the festival and started tasting, I was even more enraptured. There's nothing hotter than a confident woman, and Claire was able to identify the subtlest flavors in various samples. She chatted with the vendors and offered intelligent commentary, and every

time she put a glass to her lips, I wished it was my dick, instead.

After a few hours, I was tipsy, and so was she. We giggled as we tried a chocolate-chili stout that was pretty awful, but we finished the high-ABV drink anyway. Then she leaned into me, pressing her mouth against my ear even though it wasn't that loud in our vicinity.

"This is the perfect afternoon," she said. "There's only one thing that could make it better."

"Oh yeah?" I asked, my dick already twitching with interest. "What would that be?"

She looked at me with a dead serious expression. "After drinking, I like to enjoy a good cock."

I almost choked on my own spit.
"What?"

"A good cock," she repeated slowly and loudly. "I would like one."

At this point, a few people nearby had overheard and were looking at us with amused interest, so I grabbed Claire's elbow and led her away from the crowd. "To clarify," I said, "you want my cock?"

"Unless you're suddenly a pimp, yes."

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I looked around wildly in search of a private area, but there wasn't one under this big white tent. "Let's try outside," I said, hardly able to believe my luck.

I took Claire to the smoking area, but it was predictably crammed with people. That left either returning to the tent and not getting laid—unacceptable—or finding a secluded place to fuck her.

I hopped the fence around the beer garden, then helped her over. The tent abutted a building, and we slipped into the grassy space in between, giggling as we stumbled over stray ropes. Finally, we were around the corner and away from prying eyes.

I immediately dropped to my knees and started working on the button to her jeans. I stripped them down to her ankles, then spread her legs as wide as they could go, no need to bother with her boots. I put my mouth on her cunt, licking everywhere I could get.

Claire gripped my hair in her hands and ground against me. I ate her out enthusiastically, mixing swipes of my tongue with gentle prods of my finger. Her pussy was wonderfully wet, and as I slipped a finger inside her, she moaned.

I took some of her wetness on my finger and reached back to circle her asshole. She shivered but kept rocking against my face, so I gathered more of her wetness and then gently slid a finger inside her ass.

She was so tight and hot, and her muscles squeezed my finger as I pushed in. I kept licking her clit, easing her into the sensation of being anally penetrated. Then I used my other hand to slip two fingers inside her pussy.

She gasped and squeezed my hair tight enough to sting. I kept working her, pumping my fingers in tandem. I could feel the movement through the thin walls separating her ass and her pussy, and

by the way she moaned and gasped, the feeling was intense for her, too.

She whispered my name as all her muscles in both areas clenched around me, and then she was coming with the breathiest, sexiest moan I'd ever heard. Her body rippled around me as she kept grinding into my face.

When her orgasm was done, she staggered, so I pulled my fingers out of her and supported her ass with both hands. I held her tight against my mouth, licking up the residue of her orgasm. She tasted sweet and salty all at once, a slippery banquet I would never get enough of.

She pushed against my forehead. "My turn," she gasped. Fuck yeah!

I stood up and unfastened my jeans, and then Claire knelt before me and tugged them down. She opened her mouth around my cock and took me deep, without hesitation, rolling her tongue against my skin. She fisted the base of my dick and jerked while she sucked, which was pretty fucking amazing.

I clenched a fist in her hair, guiding her back and forth as she slobbered all over me. She released me just long enough to lick my balls before returning and sucking me deep.

As much as I wanted to come in her mouth and force her to swallow all of it, I much preferred to come in that pretty, wet cunt. I pushed her off me and joined her on my knees in the grass. We kissed deeply, our tongues tangling around our mingled taste. She wrapped her arms around me, pulling me closer.

"How do you like to be fucked?" I asked against her lips.

She shivered. "Do me from behind."

This was insane in so many ways—we both still had our jeans tangled around our ankles, we were in public, and there was hardly any room to maneuver between the tent and the building—but nothing could have stopped me from getting inside that

As much as I wanted to come in her mouth and force her to swallow all of it, I much preferred to come in that pretty, wet cunt.

tight little cunt.

Claire positioned herself on her hands and knees for me, and I grabbed the spare condom in my wallet and rolled it on. I moved my cock to her pussy and sank in.

She arched her back and moaned, then bumped her hips back against me, already greedy for more. I gripped those hips and started thrusting, slowly at first. Then I pulled mostly out, hovering with the tip of my dick just inside her pussy, and only when she began begging huskily for my cock did I push back in. With the spread of her legs limited by her jeans around her ankles, the fit was tight.

I gripped her hair in one fist and started thrusting into her in a faster rhythm. Claire responded like a dream, her back bending as she accommodated both my dick and the hand in her hair.

"Yes," she gasped as I plunged deep. "More."

I released her hair, then grabbed her arms and brought them behind her back. Using them as leverage, I bucked up into her, giving her the full length of my dick.

Claire was pinned, unable to do anything but accept my thrusts. Apparently she

loved it, because she cried out and began chanting my name.

"You like taking this cock?" I asked. I'd never been much of a dirty talker, but I was overwhelmed by the moment.

"Yes," she moaned. "Give me more."

I pulled out and flipped her onto her back, then tore off her jeans and lifted her legs so they draped over my shoulders. Face to face like this, I could see the wild ecstasy in her eyes as I thrust into her. The angle let me go deep, and she groaned as I bottomed out. When I tried to make my thrusts a little shallower, she dug her nails into my back.

"More," she demanded.

If she wanted more, she would get it. I fucked her furiously, until she was moaning and pleading. We were both being way too loud, since the entire beer festival was only one layer of canvas away, but I didn't give a fuck. Claire was flushed red and begging for my cock, and there was no way I was going to stop.

"My clit," she moaned, and shit, I wasn't dexterous enough for this.

I pulled out and rearranged us so she only had one leg slung over my shoulder.

Bracing myself against the ground with one elbow, I reached between our bodies with my free hand and circled her clit. I was sweating with the effort of so much intense fucking, but the groans and babbled pleas coming from her mouth made it all worth it.

Finally, she stiffened beneath me and came with a scream. Her body clenched around my dick in waves, and she clawed my back in desperation. The sting was as good as everything else, and soon I was coming too, emptying myself into her in mind-numbing spurts.

I took Claire's leg off my shoulder before collapsing on top of her. We lay on the ground together, breathing heavily. Distantly, I was aware of cheers and clapping coming from the other side of the tent wall.

"Good on you," someone shouted.

"Well done, mate."

When I lifted my head, security was standing between the tent and the building, glowering at us.

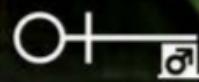
And that's the story of how I got kicked out of a beer festival in England. But by God, it was worth it.

—Andrew K., Rochester, Minnesota



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Sex on the Beach

SEX on the beach isn't just my favorite cocktail, it's become my favorite summertime activity. Finding someone willing to indulge me, though, isn't always easy. But last year, I was introduced to Linda and Rich—and their private beachfront property. →

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I was walking on the beach one day and must have been completely lost in some reverie, because I ended up strolling right past the end of the public beach and onto the private sands of a wealthy seaside community. That's when I heard a low moaning sound.

I turned to see where the noise came from and spotted an attractive young couple in the middle of a passionate kiss. When the woman started to undress, I couldn't help myself and stopped dead in my tracks to watch. She had an amazing figure, and as her partner slowly peeled her swimsuit down her body, I could see that she had no tan lines.

Just then, the couple spotted me, and I realized I'd been busted, standing there, watching them like a jackass.

I thought I might die of embarrassment, but after speaking to each other quietly for a moment, they waved me over. I walked across the short stretch of beach to join them, and without exchanging any words, the woman reached out and pulled me into their embrace.

She studied me for only a moment, checking for my reaction, and then kissed me, her soft lips pressing firmly against mine before her tongue pried them open and slipped into my mouth.

While we kissed, her companion began tugging at the strings that held my bikini in place. Then he dropped to his knees on the blanket on which we stood and settled between the two of us. He waited a second, as if expecting me to object, but when I didn't, he slid a hand between my thighs. His fingers felt amazing, rubbing between my wet folds, and from the sigh his girlfriend let out, I knew she was experiencing something similar.

Spurred on by their obvious enthusiasm, I broke my kiss with the woman and moved my mouth down to her gorgeous tan breasts. As I swirled my tongue around one of her bronzed nipples, her partner pulled his fingers from my pussy and replaced them with his mouth. His tongue lapped up my wetness before his lips sealed around my clit, and when he sucked it, I nearly exploded.

I usually come pretty quickly, but being with them on the beach had me close to climax faster than ever before. I didn't want to simply take without returning the favor, though. I pulled myself away from the two of them and lay down on the blanket. The man quickly followed me, taking his hard cock in his hand and guiding it between my pussy lips. As he slid his shaft into me, I reached up and pulled his girlfriend down until she was sitting with her wet pussy resting on my mouth.

As her boyfriend started to fuck me, I enthusiastically ate the woman out, savoring the tangy-sweet taste of her juices as they ran over my tongue. My senses were overwhelmed. Between the thrusting cock between my thighs and the pussy at my mouth, I was only seconds away from orgasm. I wrapped my legs around the man's waist and tilted my hips up to take him as deep as possible, then reached up to play with the woman's breasts while I finished her off.

I came first, the explosive orgasm rocking my whole body. My pussy tightened around the man's cock and I felt him come just a moment after me. But I didn't stop eating his girlfriend's pussy until I heard her shriek and felt her juices overflow my mouth.

As we all brushed the sand off our bodies and put our swimsuits back on, we introduced ourselves, and Linda and Rich invited me back to their place for a drink.

Now, I can count on them for sex on the beach—the cocktail and the activity—any time I want.

—Karlie V., Topanga, California

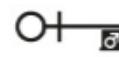


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GET THE GIRL



Kenna & Aspen

KENNA and Aspen are on a tranquil farm, in the middle of nowhere, wearing nothing but their cowboy boots. However, all they can focus on is one another. We don't really blame them.

PHOTOGRAPHY
MS. SANDS







EMBRACE THE SUCK

HOW TO TELL A TRUE-ISH WAR STORY IN 2019

Soldiers and veterans serve as conduits to war in modern times for the American public.

What does that mean in the moment?

A lot of different things, it turns out.

BY MATT GALLAGHER

WAR is hell, but that's not the half of it, because war is also mystery and terror and adventure and courage and discovery and holiness and pity and despair and longing and love. War is nasty; war is fun. War is thrilling; war is drudgery. War makes you a man; war makes you dead."

The great Tim O'Brien wrote that in *The Things They Carried*, his groundbreaking short-story collection about the Vietnam War. It's been a couple years since I last revisited that book, but I was brought back to those lines recently when I traveled to rural Oklahoma for the wedding of one of my former soldiers, Smitty.

It's been ten years since we served together in a scout platoon in Iraq, a number that defies memory, but there it is. Some days it feels like yesterday that we were walking the sand alleys of the sectarian villages north of Baghdad. Other days, it feels like a few years back—but a decade?! Naw, a decade ago would mean we're old now. And that *can't fucking be*.

A third soldier from our scout platoon, Chris, also attended the wedding. He's been on two more combat tours since ours, and is still in the Army. Over some post-ceremony beers, he discussed the mind's slipperiness of time, and why he still serves. "It's always there, you know? Every day, every minute matters over there. It's not the same in the States."

Wise words from a career military man.

Hell. Mystery. Terror. Holiness. Death. All of that and so much more. As any military veteran can tell you, reunions like we had at Smitty's wedding can be balm for the soul. I've spent a lot of my life since Iraq writing and reasoning and reckoning with what we saw and did. Many vets—most, really—don't get that.

I've been blessed to tell our stories. Some vets don't want to look back at that part of their lives, choosing instead to pack it all in and go forward that way. To each their own, of course. But even for an oversharer like me, there was something really freeing about trading old war tales with the men who were there beside me back when.

Our first firefight. The night with the IED emplacers on Route Lincoln. The time we rolled up on a post-car-bomb scene and found wild dogs

PHOTO: CHRISTOPHER NIEMANN/USMC/GETTY IMAGES









Column of self-propelled 155mm howitzers fr. US 1st Armored Division crossing desert heavily marked by tire treads, in Gulf War against Iraq.
PHOTO: WIN MCNAMEE/DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE (DOD)/THE LIFE PICTURE COLLECTION/GETTY IMAGES



licking up the scraps of a dead sheik. The wild, manifold smells of the desert. The tinny, mechanical sounds of the outpost. The scattershot images of the Iraqi soldier bleeding out on the examination table in the medic station, despite everyone doing everything they could, trying their absolute best, before the medevac got there.

Those missions and patrols have lingered with me for a decade now, and aren't going away anytime soon. Turns out they've lingered with Smitty and Chris, too, and that shared understanding and experience (plus a few Bud Lights) loosened something in us all.

It felt like church, to be honest.

We tried not to dominate the after-wedding celebration, but we probably did. I feel bad about that now.

There's danger in this kind of talk, though, talk soaked in good nature and fuzzy nostalgia. Time's eased the burden of the moment. We know how the stories end: We live. Most of our friends do, too. As I watched others from the wedding gather around our table, listening in because they cared (a good thing, of course), I realized this was a microcosm of how modern America interacts with war.

War is something that happens *over there*, to other people, in other places. It's foreign, both geographically and figuratively. So we three vets—me, Smitty, and Chris—our stories were conduits for everyone else. There's power in that. There's responsibility, too. How to talk about our time in Iraq without mystifying it, without romanticizing it?

It's a fine line to walk. We all did our best, in our ways, I think. Telling it straight and honest and keeping it more light than heavy, given the circumstances.

Was that the right call, though? Tim O'Brien has another passage in *The Things They Carried* about this very dilemma. (Because of course he did.)

"A true war story is never moral," he wrote. "It does not instruct, nor encourage virtue, nor suggest models of proper human behavior, nor restrain men from doing the things men have

always done.... There is no rectitude whatsoever.... You can tell a true war story by its absolute and uncompromising allegiance to obscenity and evil."

I didn't think of that passage at the wedding, only later. And it's probably for the best, as there were kids around and their parents probably wouldn't have appreciated my insistence on cursing while exploring the philosophical nature of men and evil. Still, it's a complicated thing, and something that military veterans across America wrestle with when their friends and family ask them for a story, for a sense of life overseas, for a piece of *over there*.

Give what you can but nothing more. That's where Chris landed, a couple hours and a few beers later, when everyone else had gone home and it was just the two of us, shooting the shit in the restaurant corner. Because he's still in the Army, he's more focused on what comes next than what happened.

"It's all back there," he said. "Not saying I don't think about it, because I do, and it's good to. But you can get stuck back there, if you're not careful. It happens. I've seen it. They get stuck, brother."

I wrote that down in my phone. *It's a good line*, I thought. *I should use it in my next column.*

"Hey," I said, pointing to my phone. "Wanna call some of the guys?"

I meant fellow soldiers like C-Well, and Prime, and wild-ass McClure. We'd been talking about the other guys from our platoon all night—where they'd been, what they'd done that short decade ago. Inspired by Chris, I wanted to hear more about what they're doing now and where they're at. We both knew a little bit of their lives from Facebook. But that's not real life. That's not their voices. That's not their now.

"Love it," Chris said.

So that's what we did.

Matt Gallagher is a U.S. Army veteran of Iraq and the author of the novel "Youngblood" (Atria/Simon & Schuster).

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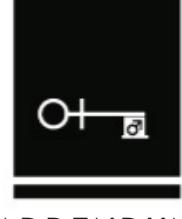


LETTERS



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ADDENDUM

In the March/April 2019 issue we republished a vintage interview with L. Ron Hubbard Jr. from a 1983 issue of Penthouse. At the request of the Church of Scientology (and in the name of decency), we are now running a follow-up comment from the Church, alongside the original 1984 Penthouse follow-up.

RESPONSE OF THE CHURCH OF SCIENTOLOGY INTERNATIONAL

Update from the Church of Scientology, April 2019:

IN reprinting Ron DeWolf's 1983 interview, *Penthouse* failed to note that in 1987, Ron DeWolf publicly retracted the statements he made about L. Ron Hubbard, including those in the 1983 *Penthouse* interview, dismissing them as "complete and utter fantasy without the slightest figment of truth" and "simply no more than wild flights of fantasy based on my own unlimited imagination."

In January 1984, *Penthouse* published the following essay from the President of the Church of Scientology International in response to the DeWolf interview. In the 36 years since this was published, the Scientology religion has continued to grow in size and impact. Internal Revenue Service recognition in 1993 of Churches of Scientology as charitable religious organizations sparked a period of global expansion that established Scientology as a major world religious movement with members in 167 countries. Seventy new major ideal churches have been built in just the past 15 years, on every continent.

The Church supports a broad range of humanitarian initiatives addressing societal scourges of drug abuse, human rights violations, immorality, illiteracy, and criminality. Scientology Volunteer Ministers serve throughout the world, providing practical and spiritual aid at manmade and natural disasters. Scientology Churches serve as centers for interaction and partnerships in their communities, working in fellowship with

others who strive for a better society and seek solutions.

How Scientology emerged as the only major religion founded in the twentieth century is answered on the Scientology TV Network launched in 2018. It is the story of our Founder, L. Ron Hubbard, a genius and modern-day Renaissance man whose extraordinary discoveries on the human mind and spirit came to be the Scientology religion.

#

WITH over 50 years of writing behind him, L. Ron Hubbard has become a combination of myth, fact, and legend. His *New York Times* best-selling novel *Battlefield Earth* is no myth. Nor are the hundreds of awards and recognitions he has received for his contributions to social rehabilitation and humanitarian programs. (Some are pictured on page 164) The following is an exclusive account about one of the most colorful men of our time.

It was a great story. An exclusive.

The editors were, naturally, excited.

The reclusive leader of a multimillion-dollar empire had not been seen in public for years and had refused any media contact. But now someone had a direct "inside line" and the story was going to be told for the first time. But the promised story never appeared. The recluse had suddenly and unexpectedly spoken out and the "autobiography" of Howard Hughes was exposed as a hoax. Clifford Irving, the writer who had promised the world a story about Howard Hughes, became the story instead. Irving and his wife pled guilty and were sent to jail for 17 months.

Ronald Edward DeWolf, a \$500-a-month Carson City, Nevada, apartment house manager, also had a story. Although he had not seen his estranged father, best-selling author and philosopher L. Ron Hubbard, for 24 years, DeWolf was convinced it didn't matter. Like Irving, DeWolf did not expect his target to speak out. He knew that his father preferred his privacy and would decline to make any public appearances. Thus DeWolf thought the stage was his to use with impunity.

DeWolf's unlikely forum was a small probate court in Riverside, Calif., where he filed a petition, in November 1982, claiming that his father was either dead, missing, or incompetent to handle his affairs and that the estate should be turned over to DeWolf.

The key was publicity. All DeWolf had to do was to create an uproar with allegations the media love to print and then wait either for the full estate or a healthy settlement.

The plan probably seemed simple enough. The last thing DeWolf expected was that the court would ask DeWolf to pay and Hubbard's right to privacy strengthened by the court. Like Irving, DeWolf made one serious mistake.

#

"I FELT it was about time that I quit fooling around and being a child and quit messing about and lay the facts on the line and say what I have been doing is a whole lot of lying, a whole lot of damage to a lot of people that I value highly."

—Ronald DeWolf, videotaped interview, November 7, 1972

Publicly lying and then privately recanting is not new to Ron DeWolf. He has virtually made it a profession.

It was 1972 in Los Angeles. Clifford Irving had pled guilty a few months before. Ron DeWolf leaned back in the chair, waiting for the private TV interview to start. This would be the second recantation of public statements he had made about Hubbard and the Church of Scientology.

He pulled on the cigarette and joked nervously about the TV camera being readied in front of him. The clock behind him was a guarantee that DeWolf could not claim later that the film was altered or edited in any way.

The precautions were not uncalled for. Three years earlier, on September 22, 1969, DeWolf had recanted his 1967 statements to the Internal Revenue Service—and then changed his mind. This time it would be recorded on film.

"Okay, we're ready," came the voice.

The second recantation of Ron DeWolf had started.

After verifying that he knew that he was being filmed and that he was appearing of his own free will, without coercion or compensation of any kind, the interview moved into the allegations.

DeWolf stated that he had left the church and his father in 1959 and had been spreading various allegations about both over the last nine years. DeWolf said he felt that "it was time to really tell the truth...let the facts and truth be known and to stop doing things like making rather blatant lies, and that kind of thing."

After reading a new affidavit that said his 1967 sworn testimony against the church was "incomplete" and "misleading," DeWolf was asked about allegations that he had made against Hubbard and the Church. One by one, he recanted them for the TV camera:

- That Hubbard makes personal profit from the church. DeWolf: "I actually believed it false then and believe it false now."
- That church confessionalists were used to put "leverage" on people. DeWolf: "That is untrue."
- That Scientology breaks up families. DeWolf: "No, I've been married nineteen years and mine is still together."
- That Scientology harms people. DeWolf: "No, no, it was an incorrect statement, because as far as I'm concerned Scientology does do what it says it can do."
- That there had been kidnapping. DeWolf: "That was pure fiction, just off

the top of my head and so the [pause] as far as the various statements I have made were concerned, they were wrong and I regret them." The interviewer nodded as DeWolf went on. "And as far as I'm concerned, I wish to make these right. And I think my request to do this, and it is my request to do it, like being videotaped on November 7 at—the time is two—that this tape is not edited, that it has been continuous and it is by my request."

The second recantation of Ron DeWolf was over.

In the weeks and months to come, DeWolf corrected other statements he had made over the years. On January 26, 1973, he wrote a British author, saying that he (DeWolf) had not been a leading official of the church, as he had claimed; that his father had not abused his mother, as DeWolf had falsely claimed; that Hubbard had never mistreated him; and that permission to use these earlier claims was withdrawn.

On February 5, 1973, DeWolf wrote to New York radio station WBAI to tell them that his statements made on August 17, 1972, were false, vindictive, malicious, unfounded in fact, and unsupported in documentation. He asked that the program not be rebroadcast or reused. Ten years later, however, the Clifford Irving of Scientology was back again.

#

WHEN L. Ron Hubbard's book *Battlefield Earth* was released in 1982, reviewers characterized the novel as if they were actually characterizing the author.

The *Baltimore Evening Sun*, for example, said, "Think of the *Star Wars* sagas, and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, mix in the triumph of *Rocky I*, *Rocky II*, and *Rocky III* and you have captured the exuberance, style and glory of *Battlefield Earth*."

The same could be said of Hubbard's life. The difference between the book and the man is that the book is "fiction." L. Ron Hubbard is not. Whether he was sailing across the Pacific, learning the songs of an Indian tribe that had just made him a blood brother, panning for gold, shaking hands with the president of the United States, or barnstorming across the Midwest, L. Ron Hubbard's youth was filled with enough adventure for a hundred lives. While fellow students struggled over dusty textbooks, Hubbard was soaring in a glider and breaking records for time aloft or plowing through the Caribbean in a four-masted schooner.

During it all, Hubbard kept records of his experiences, observations and ideas. They show a rare, natural mastery of the language that allowed him to turn

professional, in 1932, with a series of articles about his aerial experiences for a national aviation magazine. Two years later, he also began to write fiction as a means of expressing his ideas. Hubbard also had a skill so rare among writers that it was legendary within the profession—speed. While others outlined and plotted and sketched stories that went through draft after draft, Hubbard's ability to plot and write a story from beginning to end without stopping became a legend among writers who saw him at work. "I had never seen anything like it and haven't still," recalls author A. E. Van Vogt. "He would pour out the pages without stopping, tossing them on the floor and putting another one in the typewriter to continue until the story was done. It had to be seen to be believed and even then it was astounding."

The hours or days that other writers spent toiling over outlines, sketches, drafts, and rewrites, Hubbard spent studying his favorite subject—people. Anyone with a new or unique experience was collared by the flamboyant redhead and kept until the late hours of the night as if they held the final answer to a question that only Hubbard knew. Then, closeting himself (sometimes for days), he would write nonstop, until the ideas were exhausted. Then he could venture out again to look, question, and devour information before returning to his typewriter to begin the process again.

By 1941, Hubbard was writing so much that he had to use over a dozen pen names to handle editors who felt that the same writer should not appear in every issue—let alone more than once in the same month. The Second World War gave his life a new direction.

Because he loved the sea, Hubbard joined the Navy. During his career as a commissioned officer, he trained entire crews to prepare the ship for active duty. How many of them, he wondered as he watched them leave, would end up as a medal on the chest of an armchair admiral in Washington?

Hubbard refrained from writing for two years. Instead, he tried to live between the demands of the naval bureaucracy and his responsibility to his crew. In free moments, he looked out at the sea as if the elusive answer would appear on the horizon. Finally, the frustrations compelled him to begin a journal as his only solace. "My salvation is to let this roll over me," Hubbard wrote, "to write, write, and write some more. To hammer keys until I am finger worn to the second joint and then to hammer keys some more. To pile up copy, stack up stories,

roll the wordage, and generally conduct my life along the primary line of success I have ever had. I write. I can always write. But to write I must be me. Peeping around a corner," he said prophetically, "there may be the eye and feeler of a philosophy which will let me do this."

Later, in 1944, he wrote, "I know that I mean good toward everyone and everything, that I would not willfully injure anyone no matter what the gain; I feel that I would, in some unclear way, improve the world and that all of my energies are bent toward a reformation for the better and the raising of my fellow man."

With the end of the war, Hubbard was suddenly adrift. He tried to return to his earlier life but his wife had sunk into alcoholism and took the children, including DeWolf, to run off with another man. The few brief years with the Navy had left deep scars and impressions. The unanswered question that had been driving him now began to eat away at his very existence. Friends were worried at the difference between the man who had gone to war and the one who had returned. His face was pale and contorted in pain or worry, the eyes dulled and nearly pulled closed as he tried to block out the light that blinded him. The body, usually ramrod straight, was bent, and at times he could barely walk. Burdened with their own problems and embarrassed, they turned away.

Two years later, Hubbard's friends were again astonished. The vibrancy had suddenly reappeared, and the redhead was more buoyant than ever. He joked and sang and laughed again. The sparkle had not only returned to the wide, bright gray eyes but they had taken on a gleam that signaled something unusual had happened. The color had returned to his face and his life. Something had happened and Hubbard was eager to share it.

There was, Hubbard explained, a single cause of human misery and upset that had been completely missed by all the "experts" and "scholars." Finding it and handling it lifted a person from a dark prison of misery to a bright new outlook on life.

The source of misery was not innate but acquired, he said, during moments of pain and unconsciousness (even for a split second) that were recorded as mental-image pictures. They acted like hidden, hypnotic commands on the person and were why people went crazy, became criminals, or turned into invalids when there was nothing physically wrong.

Because the mental recordings were made while the person was unconscious, Hubbard explained, the person could not recall them. Thus, no one knew of their existence. However, Hubbard had found a means of recalling them safely and releasing a person from them. Drugs, hypnosis, electric shock, or other psychiatric methods were not to be employed, he warned. These techniques merely implanted commands, but, he said,

the method he had designed could handle them. He called the method "Dianetics" (*dia*, "through"; *nous*, the mind, or in the Greek, "soul.") Thus "Dianetics" was "what the soul does to the body".

The first announcement of Dianetics appeared in the 1950 Winter-Spring issue of the magazine of the prestigious Explorer's Club. (Hubbard has been a member since 1938.) Titled "Terra Incognita: The Mind," the article was his first published account of the new philosophy. On May 9, 1950, his book *Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health* exploded across the country as a national best-seller, with Hubbard boldly announcing that he had found a means of unlocking the human potential by locating and neutralizing heretofore unknown "hidden commands" in people.

Unbeknownst to Hubbard, he was about to cross swords with a top-secret government program designed to intentionally implant "hidden commands" in people.

#

THE Central Intelligence Agency's "mind-control" program officially began in 1947 but the world at large would not learn about it until 1975. A Freedom of Information Act request by John Marks, co-author of *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, tapped the agency's program, known by the codename "MKULTRA" (pronounced "emkay-ultra"). The program was a chilling enactment of George Orwell's 1984 world of Big Brother. Utilizing drugs, hypnosis, radiation, and a host of electronics, MKULTRA sought "to devise operational techniques to disturb the memory, to discredit people through aberrant behavior, to alter sex patterns, to elicit information and... to program individuals to carry out any mission of espionage or assassination, even against their will...even against such fundamental laws of nature as self-preservation." The early stages of the program were intended to test means of producing or blocking interrogation, or anti-interrogation, methods.

Hubbard, meanwhile, was enjoying the success of his *Dianetics* book. People were responding enthusiastically and offering opportunities for further research into the subject at the new Dianetic Research Foundation. Thus, it was only a matter of time before victims of the government mind-control program walked in the front door.

When they did, it didn't take Hubbard long to realize that he was not dealing with ordinary human problems in these people. He had been researching the basic problems of life and existence. He never expected to stumble across a top secret military intelligence program.

Hubbard did not have a name for this phenomenon. ("Brainwashing" had yet to become a popular term and "mind control" was years away.) So he called it by the techniques that were used on its victims: "pain-drug-hypnosis" (PDH).

Dianetics foundations, Hubbard said, found PDH "so appallingly destructive to the

personality...that a wider investigation was undertaken to discover just how many people one could find within easy reach who had been given pain-drug-hypnosis."

Hubbard announced the results of the research, in August 1951, with the publication of his next book, *Science of Survival*, 24 years before John Marks's discovery.

"There is another form of hypnotism which...has been a carefully guarded secret of certain military and intelligence organizations," Hubbard announced. "It is a vicious war weapon and may be of considerably more use in conquering a society than the atom bomb. This is no exaggeration. The extensiveness of the use of this form of hypnotism in espionage work is so wide today that it is long past the time when people should have become alarmed about it."

Countering a popular myth of the time that a hypnotized person could not be made to do anything that they would not do while awake, Hubbard said that the difference between PDH and hypnotism was that the latter at least begins with the person's consent. PDH, however, can override the person's consent and completely wipe out not only the victim's memory but his moral code. "It has been discovered that a drugged individual when beaten and given orders would almost invariably obey these orders regardless of the degree to which they flouted his moral tone or his position or his best interest in life," Hubbard wrote.

Hubbard's account continued with a scenario that must have sent a chill through the secret back rooms of the CIA, where the mind-control programs were monitored. "Before Dianetics," Hubbard wrote in *Science of Survival*, "the widespread use of this practice was unsuspected, simply because there was no means by which one could even detect the existence of pain-drug-hypnosis. An individual might be given pain-drug-hypnosis on Tuesday night and wake up Wednesday morning without knowledge of the fact that he had been slugged when he stepped out of his car, given an injection, painfully beaten but not so as to leave any marks, and put quietly into his own bed. This individual does not know that anything has happened to him, nor will he suspect it even when he is confronted with the fact that his conduct is extremely changed along certain lines. This individual, if the criminal operator desired it, would actually obey the commands to the point of striking up a friendship with some person the operator indicated, thereafter conducting his business along lines suggested by this 'friend'."

PDH, Hubbard concluded, "can be done without the knowledge of the individual and can command him to do things which are not only counter to his own survival but highly immoral or destructive."

#

CIA records allegedly do not exist to describe the reaction at the agency's headquarters to Hubbard's *Science of Survival* when it arrived with a detailed account of how their

top-secret program operated, but MKULTRA documents obtained via John Marks's request 24 years later do show that there was some fast reorganization. The program's then-code name was changed from BLUEBIRD to ARTICHOKE (it later became MKULTRA, the name it was finally known by) and moved from the CIA's Office of Scientific Investigation, which had given birth to the project in 1947, to the Office of Security. While these changes were not publicly visible, there were some reactions everyone could see.

As Hubbard would describe it years later, "All hell broke loose."

While Hubbard and those working with him expected some resistance from the psychiatric establishment, they were not ready for the assault that suddenly and inexplicably began. Foundations researching the promise of Dianetics came under investigation. Internal Revenue Service units swept in to audit books around the clock. Dianetics groups were started by total strangers and then thrown mysteriously into bankruptcy. From New Jersey to Kansas City to Los Angeles, Hubbard was the target of a barrage of lawsuits, including one attempting to capture his estate and the copyrights to all of his works, a tactic that would be employed again 30 years later, with similar failure. With thousands of Americans leaving the futility of psychoanalysis, the American Psychiatric Association (APA) joined with the American Medical Association to condemn Dianetics as "dangerous" and call Hubbard a "fraud" (while CIA funds were secretly supporting further APA-sanctioned experiments). The Federal Bureau of Investigation joined in the fray with allegations that Hubbard's groups contained "Communists" (during the height of the McCarthy era and despite Hubbard's long-term public anti-Communist position in his writings and lectures).

The media avidly reported every allegation made against Hubbard and the "controversy" that was suddenly swirling around Dianetics. Instead of reporting or investigating Hubbard's warning that a new "vicious war weapon" was being created and aimed at the American public, journalists tried to paint Hubbard as "crazy" and someone to be completely distrusted and disbelieved—no matter what he said. On top of it all, Hubbard was reported as "missing" by the media.

However, Hubbard was not missing then, any more than he has ever been. He had moved to Phoenix, Arizona, and was busy responding in the way he knew best—by writing. While the public continued to support his ideas and the government-media blitz rolled on, Hubbard would "write, write, and write some more." This time it was about the philosophy he had been seeking a decade before. Now, his research and writing led him beyond the domain of the human condition and Dianetics.

Hubbard needed a new word for his latest development and called it "Scientology," from the words "scios" (to know) and "logos" (the

study of). It was, he said, "knowing how to know," or "the study and handling of the spirit in relationship to itself, universes and other life." (Thus Dianetics was a "materialistic viewpoint" of the problem.)

Man is, Hubbard said, more than a mind with mental-image pictures and a body. He is a spiritual entity with potentials greater than anyone has ever imagined. Hubbard revealed his discoveries in a series of lectures beginning in Phoenix in the summer of 1952.

The evolution of Hubbard's research into the spirit forced a discussion about the nature and direction of Scientology. If Dianetics in dealing with the nature of the mind was a "mental science" (it was certainly not "psychology"), then Scientology, in dealing with man as a spiritual entity, was, without doubt, a religion. Although the Arizona group (the Hubbard Association of Scientologists International) was already a religious fellowship when DeWolf arrived, in the summer of 1952, a proposal was put to Hubbard to form a church. Hubbard conceded and the Church of Scientology was formed in 1954 in-of all places—Washington, D.C., across the Potomac from the CIA's mind-control headquarters. (Contrary to some misconceptions, it was author George Orwell who said a person could make money with a new religion. See his *Collected Essays*, Volume 1, page 304, where he writes, on February 16, 1938, "But I have always thought there might be a lot of cash in starting a new religion....")

Hubbard did not give up his concern about PDH with the 1951 publication of *Science of Survival*. In 1955, he emphatically warned all Scientologists that psychiatry had "armed itself with several new drugs" including something known as "LSD." The drug, Hubbard said, "has the total goal of driving persons insane." He said that LSD-PDH cases were being sent into their congregations to go crazy "just long enough to convince people" that Scientology was dangerous. All such instances were to be reported to the authorities, he said.

While Hubbard had to wait 24 years for others to find out that there had, indeed, been the PDH-mind control program that he had revealed in 1951, it did not stop him from attacking what he viewed as the heart of any future mind-control program, as well as the ruin of the country itself—drugs, including alcohol.

Hubbard saw the effects of drugs and alcohol on his men in the Navy and on his first family. He watched men in hospitals succumbing faster to a drug than to the disease or injury it was intended to treat. He had lost friends to the deadly chemicals and had resolved that he would defeat that problem if he defeated no others. There were simply too many lives being wasted, too many families being destroyed, and too many countries giving up on finding a workable approach.

Today, Hubbard's methods are widely

recognized for their effectiveness in combating the drug problem facing every community. From street gang to church, from prisons to private homes, Hubbard's methods of freeing an individual from the effects of poisonous and addictive drugs are in daily use and are growing in popularity and application. Individuals, groups, and cities have commended Hubbard for his innovative discoveries and contributions to the field (as well as to other humanitarian efforts such as criminal rehabilitation, education, and the dignity of the elderly).

From Sacramento, California, to Milano, Italy, to Gratis, Ohio (where he took local townspeople flying while barnstorming there, in 1931), Hubbard has been remembered and acknowledged. Hundreds of proclamations and citations have been given to him from around the world for his work and interest in people. Days of the week and months of the year have been proclaimed in his honor. Scores of cities have made him an honorary citizen.

In turn, Hubbard has continued to attack the drug-abuse problem. His theory that drug "flashbacks" stem from chemical residuals released from storage in the body's fat cells is being medically substantiated in independent studies.

Even victims of Agent Orange, the poisonous defoliant used in the Vietnam War, are responding favorably to what is now known as the Hubbard Method of Detoxification (commonly known as a "purification" process). One typical case involved a veteran poisoned with the defoliant in Vietnam and suffering from open sores and other seemingly irreversible conditions. He and his wife had suffered through several miscarriages while trying to start a family after his overseas tour and were about to give up due to the continual danger to both mother and child. But after undergoing and completing the medically supervised "purification" regimen, the sores and other maladies disappeared. Their first child followed, in perfect health.

Lucille Surber, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, has a different story. At 72 years of age, she is a licensed civil-air observers pilot (and reportedly the oldest) thanks, she says, to Hubbard's methods. Crippled to the point that she could not move, she was able to recover sufficiently to literally "fly" through life. The list of people who credit Hubbard's methods range from the famous (TV sportscaster and former San Francisco Forty-Niners quarterback John Brodie, jazz greats Stanley Clarke and Chick Corea, award-winning designer Angelo Donghia, David Fuller, choreographer for the musical *Evita*, and others) to the anonymous—those of us who make up the world.

Hubbard has responded as he always has—he writes. He is also an accomplished photographer, musician, composer, mariner, cinematographer, philanthropist, explorer, and pilot and a friend to millions.



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L. Ron Hubbard. Copyright 1968 by L. Ron Hubbard

Ron DeWolf, on the other hand, who had pled bankruptcy three times, hoped for millions and ended up with a court costs bill. Meanwhile, he had to admit in sworn depositions:

- That he had been motivated by money to file the petition to capture his father's estate (the original petition said he was seeking to "protect" it).
- That he was operating on the advice of a personal-injury attorney, Michael J. Flynn, of Boston, who wrote the petition and designed the allegations because DeWolf, having no personal knowledge of Hubbard or Scientology beyond 1959, was in no position to act on his own.

Meanwhile, he also had to admit that it was he, not Hubbard, who had been giving hallucinogens to kids. He had given drugs to his teenage children.

The attempt to grab Hubbard's estate did not work well for either DeWolf or Flynn. Flynn was disqualified from acting as DeWolf's counsel in the proceeding because of an obvious conflict of interest. Flynn, operating on a split-fee agreement with his clients, has sought to extract large sums of money from the Church with the filing of a series of "carbon copy" suits that prompt bad publicity for Scientology. Meanwhile, he was initiating DeWolf's court action to "protect" Hubbard's estate. The conflict was heightened by Flynn's claiming Hubbard and Scientology was a "fraud" in some court actions and arguing that Hubbard's works were of "inestimable" value elsewhere.

As the DeWolf-Flynn tandem was unable to substantiate any of their allegations, the judge threw the case out of the court. Subsequently, the court found Flynn in contempt. To add insult to injury, the court ordered DeWolf to pay costs. To a \$500-a-month-apartment house manager and an unpaid attorney, it was an expensive plan. In the end, it is the oft-repeated story of the child who cannot live in the shadow of a famous and successful parent coupled with a money-motivated (according to statements from his firm to this writer) attorney.

L. Ron Hubbard, meanwhile, continues to be a best-selling author, more popular than ever and his life more colorful than ever. With apologies to the *Baltimore Evening Sun*,

perhaps their review of *Battlefield Earth* should have read, "Think of the *Star Wars* sagas, and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, mix in the triumph of *Rocky I*, *Rocky II*, and *Rocky III* and you have captured the exuberance, style and glory of..." L. Ron Hubbard's life.

—The Reverend Heber Jentzsch, President, Church of Scientology International.

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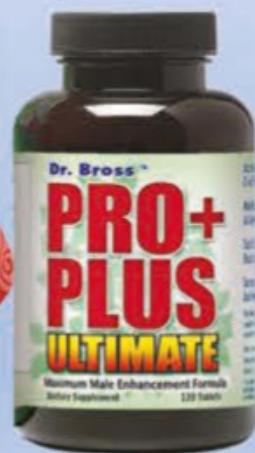
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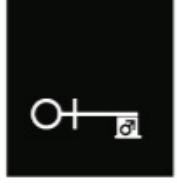
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